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The Making of Science

Peter Loewenberg
The End of Analysis

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With a Flower in Her Hair

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TWO WINNERS PICK THE BEST

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Gay Talese, essayist, critic, and novelist, demonstrates a taste for the risky, the provocative, and the unexpected in his selections for **The Best American Essays 1987**. Here is Robert Stone on cocaine, Richard Ben Cramer on Ted Williams, Phyllis Rose on tools of torture—and the result is a feast of spicy food for thought. Robert Atwan is the series editor. A Ticknor & Fields book.

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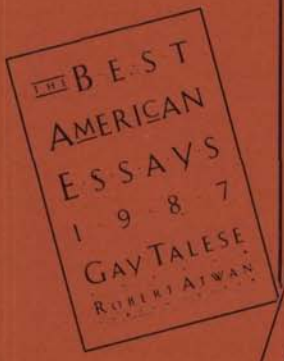
Whatever is new, fresh, and exciting; whatever is the finest in traditional workmanship—both come together under the covers of **The Best American Short Stories 1987**. Edited this year by **Ann Beattie** with series editor Shannon Ravenel, the anthology again offers the best vintage of the 1980's. Side by side are the first-rank authors of today—such as Raymond Carver, Tobias Wolff, and Sue Miller—along with the bright new talents who will be the talk of the 1990's. As The Boston Review remarked, this anthology "reminds us that a short story can be a major work."



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COMMENT

"Whatever were you doing at that neoconservative conference in Washington, D.C. last weekend?" one of my American leftist friends asked me, soon after my arrival in Vienna, last October 19th. That I attended the Second Thoughts Conference seemed to be a transgression. "Others may do what they want," my friend had admonished me when he thought I had digressed once before, "but you, as a representative of *Partisan Review,* have a reputation to uphold."

I, however, perceive my role as that of a liberal defender of democratic freedoms, and as such prefer to keep my eye on what I consider the excesses on both right and left, and on the consequences that American rhetoric and policy have for the rest of the world. Thus, I went to this conference because the "Second Thoughters"—invited by two former leaders of the sixties movement, David Horowitz and Peter Collier—promised to provide a forum that would span the political spectrum.

Those who attended the conference knew that the panelists' politics, for the most part, had moved away from their radical stances in the 1960s. Collier and Horowitz asked them to recount why and how this had happened; at what moments they had come to and then given up "the self-aggrandizing romance with corrupt Third Worldism; the casual indulgence of Soviet totalitarianism; the hypocritical and self-dramatizing anti-Americanism." Still, if the panels were not balanced, the invited audience included many leading leftists.

Lloyd Billingsly started off by saying that he originally had found the rhetoric of the left to square with his social vision of Christianity, with helping one's neighbor, but that after the bloodbath in Cambodia, he thought the United States, in spite of all its flaws, offered the best chances for freedom. Peter Collier remembered that he would have stayed on the left, if only the movement had been willing to recognize "that there were more people killed during the first two years of the communist peace than in all of the anticommunist wars." For Jeffrey Herf, "the issues came to a head in the debates about medium-range nuclear missiles in Western Europe . . . [when he] was convinced that further deterioration of the balance of forces in Europe would eventually lead to an American withdrawal and subsequent neutralization and/or Soviet hegemony over Western Europe." David Horowitz said he gave up when he found out that

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the Black Panthers, whom he worshipped and for whom he raised funds, "in reality were a criminal gang that killed and preyed on the black ghetto itself": he never denounced them, however, because the left that "had made the Panthers a law unto themselves" would have attacked him as a racist. To Robert Leiken, "the movement [had been] a charmed circle, magical for those within because of the depravity of those without. . . . [until he filed] a critical report on the Sandinistas." His brother Sam began to "sour on leftism" when the workers in his plant were unwilling to support Solidarity "for fear that criticism of the Soviet Union would stir up red-baiting." Ronald Radosh had had his comeuppance when he felt compelled to acknowledge publicly that the FBI files proved Julius Rosenberg's guilt rather than his innocence. Bruce Cameron reported why, as a lobbyist, he originally had supported the *contras* but then had abandoned them as "an army without a vision of a future society" that could not win. And Doan Van Toai, an antiwar activist who left Vietnam in 1978, recalled how the "Communist imperialists" whom he had helped come to power ended up by imprisoning and torturing him for insubordination.

Saturday evening was set aside for the so-called panel of elders. All of them were editors, and except for William Phillips, had had *their* second thoughts after André Gide, Stephen Spender, and Arthur Koestler. Irving Kristol recalled that he had enjoyed himself during his leftist phase. Nathan Glazer was his customary temperate self. Hilton Kramer scolded the Second Thoughters for ignoring the negative influence they had had on the culture at large. Norman Podhoretz felt that most of them still were insufficiently aware of the dangers of communism. William Phillips said that he had thought, erroneously, that such political naiveté had ended by the time of the Nazi-Soviet pact: instead it has returned, but in another form, as a sort of *gauchisme* permeating the culture. And Martin Peretz, who also acted as master of ceremonies, pointed out that he and William Phillips were the only non-neoconservatives on this panel, and he kidded Kristol, Kramer, and Podhoretz, and made cracks against the leftist press. They attended every meal and session but, with the exception of Todd Gitlin, never said a word. On balance, the elders, some of whom were not so much older than the "youngsters," kept their distance, and held to the range of opinions expressed in their respective magazines.

The reminiscences by "ex-radicals" clearly pointed to the diversity of their experiences as well as their wish to work towards viable

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and responsible democratic politics. When touching on the larger issues, they attempted to distinguish between neoconservatism, conservatism, anticommunism and Reaganism. Insofar as they spoke of the left, they separated themselves from it by their realization that the Soviet Union is not a benign power; that the Sandinistas' President Ortega may be pursuing a political agenda and tactics similar to those of Fidel Castro; and that one ought to debate the possibility of a politics of some sort of deterrence and an intelligent foreign policy rather than blindly support the peace movement.

I had to leave for Vienna before the last session, "What Is To Be Done." Upon landing, I found out that the New York stock market had crashed. While giving lectures and attending conferences, I forget about the Second Thoughters, and instead, watched for the Europeans' reactions to the decline of the dollar, and to the volatility of *all* the stock markets. Many of the Austrians, Hungarians, Germans, French, and Spaniards I met had trouble concealing their glee—as they were raking in (and betting on) Japanese yen instead of American dollars. Basically, the Europeans (rightly or wrongly) were waiting for an American leadership to assert itself, which they once again were bound to resent. They looked expectantly to Ronald Reagan, just as they had to Jimmy Carter and Lyndon Johnson. None of them could grasp that the domestic issues of a superpower could allow internal squabbles or electoral politics to set its international agenda. Nor did they care who sold weapons to the *contras,* which presidental candidate slept with whom, or who lied to whom: didn't Americans know that politicians deal in everything including weapons and have their mistresses (official and unofficial ones), and that lying is their stock-in-trade? "One simply must not get caught," they repeatedly said.

While the European intellectuals and press were berating us for our naiveté, this time for our navel-gazing in the form of the Bork hearings, they stressed our *former* industrial prowess, and the erosion of our political credibility. Yet, instead of addressing these extremely serious issues, our own critical leftist press seemed to be more concerned with attacking the Second Thoughters, whom they had refused to debate at the conference itself, than with the general debacle in the country.

Although I never have supported Ronald Reagan, I have come to the realization that Reagan-bashing, and attacks on all those who try to address the basic problems of the country, has taken the place of dealing with the enormous problems facing both present and

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future administrations. Why else did the politically motivated journalist Sidney Blumenthal, in the *Washington Post,* choose to say that the conference had "become unstuck" after Cameron said that he no longer supported the *contras,* even though he was told that the organizers had invited him in order to have a lively discussion. (James Ridgeway, in *The Village Voice,* wrote only about Cameron's "flip-flopping" rather than about the rest of the meeting.) And why else would Christopher Hitchens and Alexander Cockburn have taken the trouble to malign these ex-radicals as "traitors for America," as having come "from pink Pampers through Black Panthers to one-dimensional Reaganisms," and as suffering from "disordered mentality?" Did they engage in *ad hominum* attacks on the participants, and especially the organizers, in order to "defend" their own crumbling beliefs, or did they really think that freedom of the press consists only of the freedom to distort? But then, slanted reporting and guilt by accusation has become their favorite tactic. The readers of *The Nation, The Village Voice,* the *Times Literary Supplement,* and the *Washington Post,* I believe, deserve better.

But this is not what troubles me most about this leftist righteousness. For I am convinced that its steady drone of accusations at anyone who doubts that whatever is "left" is good, and that all else deserves to be maligned as conservatism, cold warriorism, or Reaganism, has deflected the thoughts (and possibly the actions) of many Americans who otherwise might think for themselves—instead of simply voicing support for the liberal causes to which no one ever has objected.

To put it more concretely: the constant flow of attacks on the Reagan government, in the purplest of prose, has concentrated on particulars—the Meese, Baker, or Deaver scandals, Irangate, the Bork hearings, the Ginsburg withdrawal—to the exclusion of everything else. These leftist journalists have concentrated on "getting them" for a succession of specific malfeasances, each of them replaced (with equal intensity) by the succeeding one. But precisely because this president has managed to outfox his antagonists, they have ended up allowing him and his entourage to avoid facing up to the much larger, and possibly irrevocable, damages he has wreaked: the consequences of the enormous deficit that is bound to haunt the country for years, if not forever; the outrageous celebration of celebrity (replacing already thin substance) which no amount of Teflon-calling can remedy; the promulgation of an ideology fostering the

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most callous acceptance of greed, and not only by the so-called yuppies but also by those who write about and against them; and the destruction of an income tax code, which, though far from perfect, nevertheless worked on the principle of gradual taxation. (The Democrats, of course, cooperated for their own—electoral—reasons.)

These are domestic issues which, however, have their impact on the country's international standing as well—if only because they overshadow everything else. Our image, of course, has suffered ever since Jack Kennedy was in the White House. And my European friends, most of whom are on the left, have had a certain amount of anti-American bias all along. But *their* America-bashing consists of blaming us not only for "imperialism" and "war-mongering," but for whatever is wrong in their own countries, from unemployment to backwardness, and from pollution to poverty. By doing so, condemning America ends up as being, also, the sort of patriotism—German, French, Spanish and so on—that their (mostly implied) Marxism denies. The effect of America-bashing in this country, however, is simply anti-American: it deflects us from taking constructive action. If it has any impact at all, other than to boost the egos of the bashers and to further their careers, it might be to simplify even further the complex and contradictory character of American policy making.

E.K.

The first question that strikes one after reading Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* is how this book became a best-seller. It is full of philosophical talk and theoretical ruminations. It is also interspersed with homey stories and examples from popular culture, but I do not think these lighten it sufficiently to boost its sales. Could it be that Americans like to read about the decline of our civilization? We are reminded that Spengler's *Decline of the West* was intellectually fashionable in its day. And like Spengler in his dismal prophesies, Bloom connects our decline with the current state of thought in the various fields of knowledge. There is one important difference, however: unlike Spengler, and inconsistent

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with the dark picture generally drawn by him, Bloom introduces a somewhat pragmatic and optimistic note, which is very American, in that he seems to think things can be improved in the future education of our students. Spengler's thesis was wildly attractive, but it fell apart when specialists in physics, philosophy, literature, and the social sciences examined what he said about their specific subjects. It remains to be seen if Bloom's book meets with the same fate.

In any event Bloom has a more concrete subject, if not a more concrete way of dealing with it. His main argument is that American universities have largely failed in their chosen task of opening students' minds to the vast store of knowledge and thought of Western civilization. And he traces this failure to developments in Western philosophy that not only have affected current modes of thinking but also have perverted the popular mind. His book is a scorching indictment of fashionable curricula, trendy teachers, misdirected students, and nihilistic theories. But most reviews I have seen have shied away from its disastrous implications for the political and intellectual life of the country, and generally have pigeonholed Bloom's views into one or another of the stereotypes of writing about politics and education. Unfortunately, ideological dismissals of ideas that go against the grain of comfortable clichés are very modish today.

It is difficult to summarize *The Closing of the American Mind,* for Bloom constantly takes excursions into the byways of Western thought and into his own schooling and teaching experiences at Cornell, Yale, and Chicago University. He also frequently reverses himself, so that he often seems to be saying the opposite of what he said earlier. In addition, the book is actually two books, one a rambling history of philosophy and related subjects, the other a running dismissal of college education. The two are connected, at least in Bloom's mind, by the fact that the origins of the modern educational—and social—malaise are to be found in the ideas of the great thinkers of the West. But the connection is largely forced and on the whole leaves out the influence of other, more basic, social and political forces. Hence, while most of Bloom's description of the state of higher education and its relation to the rest of society is jolting, his attempt to draw a straight line between our philosophical ancestors and the sad condition of the modern mind tells at most only part of the story.

Bloom's picture of university life is not original; from time to time other critics have exposed its deficiencies. But in the main there

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has been a tendency not to face or even to report the gravity of the situation. For the most part, it has been covered up by educational pieties and by attempts to rationalize these deficiencies. Basically, Bloom's position is that the colleges do not help develop minds open to the knowledge of the past and to the issues of contemporary life. Behind this failure, according to Bloom, is the trendiness, the narcissism, the cultural relativism, the egalitarianism, the antipathy to reason, and the nihilism of society itself. The individualism nurtured earlier in our history, he says, has been carried to such an extreme that the sense of community and nation has almost disappeared. Hence the curriculum has become haphazard, teaching has been captured by current fads, and students do not acquire either the knowledge we are heir to or the ability to sort out the different theories and movements pressing in on them. In short, except for exceptional students, college education has become the interlude between secondary school and the job world.

Even if he might be wrong and superficial in many of his big generalizations and small observations, and even if he might be pushing his case too far, Bloom has to be commended for bringing the dismal side of education to our attention. But he is not convincing when he attributes our cultural relativism and nihilism mainly to the influence of a few philosophers, and he is even less convincing when he talks about educational ideals and how they should be pursued. To be sure, the major figures Bloom cites—Rousseau, Nietzsche, Freud, Heidegger, among others—did question the central place of reason in human conduct and gave more prominence to the idea of the irrational. But they are not alone or even primarily responsible for the contemporary anarchy of beliefs and values. The pushing of the concept of democracy to wild extremes—Bloom does refer to Tocqueville's prophetic writing in this area—probably has had more to do with our present free-for-all mentality than any philosophical influences. And the effect of a free market ideology on the current emphasis on sexual and psychological freedom needs to be investigated more than Bloom has done. In general, it should be obvious that all the forces of Western society—political, philosophical, technological—have created the mind of modernity. And they are not all to be denigrated. On the contrary, some of our ills—social and educational—may be seen as necessary accompaniments to our enormous advances. Future historians might well think of our educational defects as the underside of the expansion of democracy.

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Given his narrow focus, which is almost excessively intellectual, it is not surprising that Bloom does not indicate how we are to extricate ourselves from what he considers to be an educational morass. Clearly, history cannot be reversed, nor can it be redirected by the exercise of moral or political will. Bloom talks endlessly about the necessity of getting out of our cultural relativism. But he stops short of saying how we are to accomplish this. He exhorts us constantly to teach genuine values to the young, and he extols such hoary abstractions as "the true, the good, the beautiful," which presumably are to be taught to American youth. Indeed, Bloom talks about *the truth,* as though everyone knew what it was but failed to teach it. Who, in Bloom's educational utopia, is going to decide which truth, which theory, which ideas are going to unify college curricula and methods of teaching?

The fact is that relativism—both philosophical and cultural—has been accepted by modern thinkers not simply because they spurn absolute values, but because the argument for absolute values does not hold up. The dispute over philosophical truth and moral values has been won, so to speak, by the relativists, and a plea for the return of absolutes—such as those advocated by some religions—is bound to be seen as a longing for an irretrievable past. To be sure, the relativist position has been carried too far, to the point where discriminations and distinctions have been almost totally blurred. But absolutes are not the answer to a relativism run wild.

Bloom insists he is not motivated by nostalgia for an aristocratic society ruled by a political and intellectual elite. But his educational prescriptions are modeled on the highly differentiated class systems of the past. Essentially, Bloom's idea of the university is an aristocratic one. It presupposes an artistocracy of taste and knowledge, that existed in the past only in societies with a more or less homogeneous ruling class—and then only partially. In addition, his understanding of literature—and therefore how it should be taught—is antiquated: he thinks that poetry exudes beauty and that literature in general imparts truth and knowledge and is a guide to proper living. And, for someone who is impatient with cultural clichés, Bloom is shockingly banal in his repetition of current clichés about the destructive influence of Freud and psychoanalysis on our culture. Bloom also makes an ignorant gaffe when he says *Partisan Review* was hostile to the great modernists—Proust, Joyce, Mann, Kafka. The opposite was of course true.

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In the end, Bloom believes that the main purpose of a college is to give students "a way of life." Since I do not think this is the given—or possible—mandate of the university, I am not impressed with much of Bloom's vision of the goals of education. But his criticism of college life might open up for wider discussion the enterprise of teaching and learning in this country.

W.P.

JAMES BALDWIN

1924–1987

An Early Contributor

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Barbara Rose

ART AS MONEY

I never wanted to be an art critic. For years I practiced the piano, hoping to become a concert musician like my mother's cousins. My first act of criticism was to stop playing the piano; my second was to quit painting. I thought the arts deserved a more discerning audience rather than additional mediocre talents competing for attention. I believed art was difficult, demanding and rewarding, and that its appreciation required study and effort. At Smith College, I started with the Egyptians, gradually working my way up through the ages to Post-Impressionism. I was not interested in modern art, American art, or journalism. I became an art critic because I was married to a painter; it was a way of making money and staying home with the children. I wrote about American art for my students, who had no text. Journalism later became the means to earn a living.

After spending a year in Spain on a Fulbright Fellowship, I published my first critical reviews for the Spanish magazine *Goya*. I wrote the *Crónica de Nueva York* because I realized that Franco's censorship was so effective that Spanish artists did not even have reproductions of contemporary art. In 1962, I returned to the United States from Spain to have my first child. Michael Fried persuaded me to try to publish an article on pop art as neo-Dada, which I had started working on in Berlin. I submitted it to James Fitzsimmons, the late editor of *Art International*. He printed it and asked me to do a monthly New York Letter. Michael Fried was already writing from New York, and Annette Michelson was reviewing from Paris. The moment was very exciting. Clement Greenberg had just published his collection of essays, *Art and Culture*. A group of brilliant young artists, including Frank Stella, to whom I was married at the time, were creating anti-expressionist styles that captured the imagination of dealers and collectors anxious to assert an autonomous American cultural identity.

In retrospect, I realize how provincial the outlook was. This in-

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Editor's Note: A version of this essay will appear as the introduction to *Autocritique. Essays on Art and Anti-Art. 1963-1987* by Barbara Rose, to be published this spring by Weidenfeld & Nicolson. Copyright © 1988 by Barbara Rose.

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cludes my own. Of course I liked to think I championed the best artists working at the time. Now, I see my early embrace of pop and minimal styles from another perspective. Both represented an ironic, conceptual, and critical challenge to the brooding romanticism of Abstract Expressionism, with its emphasis on the individual, subjective ego. Rereading artists' statements as well as my own projections about American art, I realize that certain delusions die slowly. The New York School remained visibly tied to the art of Europe, but its critical apologists and partisans argued otherwise. They demanded the birth of a brave new American art, free in its fresh innocence from the moribund decadence of postwar Europe. Lately, this view has come in for a trouncing in a newly aggressive Europe; but the hostile criticism has often been misplaced and mistaken. The New York School proclaimed its world hegemony while Europe was still in ashes, but not, as French critic Serge Guilbaut would have one believe, in an orchestrated attempt to "steal the idea of modern art." The impulse was rather the recurrent millennial fantasy that a youthful, robust and morally superior America would save aging Europe from the decrepitude of its world-weariness. "Manifest destiny" became an aesthetic as well as a political imperative after World War II. The banner of an art with roots in native ground was taken up by the most powerful critics who boostered the New York School: Thomas B. Hess, Harold Rosenberg, and Clement Greenberg.

Rosenberg, who worked for the Advertising Council, was good at inventing snappy marketing titles like "action painting." As editor of *ARTnews* (a magazine with no relationship to the monthly published under that name today), Hess returned from the Air Force in 1946 to produce a propaganda vehicle for launching the New York School internationally. When poet Bill Berkson quit as the editorial assistant in 1960, I was hired to replace him. *ARTnews* was a rabbit warren of cubicles (which occupied the same space now a small part of the Pace Gallery) where I served my apprenticeship as the assistant of Surrealist film critic Parker Tyler. Hundreds of short reviews were assigned every month. They were mostly written by unemployed poets who were paid a few dollars per review. The publisher, Alfred Frankfurter, was interested in old masters, so roughly half the articles were devoted to that subject. We kept using the same color plates because we could not afford to make new ones. I don't remember the word "advertiser" being mentioned. No one expected the magazine to make a profit. Later, I came to understand Hess's

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own criticism as a subtle poetic appreciation. At the time, I was irritated by the writing in *ARTnews,* which seemed to me both silly and superficial.

All the younger critics I knew were graduate students in art history who wanted to put art criticism on a firmer, more professional footing. We did not esteem Rosenberg's writing highly, but we were uniformly impressed by Clement Greenberg. His 1961 article, "How Art Writing Earns its Bad Name," exposed shoddy jargon and gave us a sense that there was an alternative to sloganizing. In his subsequent writing, it became evident that Greenberg saw in pop and minimal styles a threat to the continuity of mainstream high art. Artists, it appeared, were taking literally the idea that "American-type painting," as Greenberg termed it, was *de facto* superior. They became determined to cut all remaining ties to Europe in acts of euphoric xenophobia.

In retrospect, pop art looks conventional, intelligent, academic, and firmly grounded in fine art despite its presumed anti-elitism, a fake identity the populist ethos demanded. Outside of Rauschenberg and Johns, who are more accurately seen as members of the second generation of the New York School, two pop artists stand apart. Oldenburg's soft stitched cloth works represented a genuine technical innovation in sculpture. And Andy Warhol was a homegrown Duchamp, who resurrected the Duchampian stance of anti-art with sustained proletarian vigor. Samson-like, Warhol was determined to bring down the temple of art if necessary to gain entry to the pantheon of the immortals. The cleverest of strategists, Warhol won his major victory by convincing the public that art should be easy, dumb, and effortless. This struck at the core of high culture, which maintains that modernism is difficult.

Behind the aesthetics of the most radical pop and minimal artists was a Dada wish to change the rules of the art game so that more people could play. There is something intrinsically American about this populist drive. A good case could be made that anti-art Dada was born in volatile New York in 1915, where Picabia and Duchamp were making headlines with their entertaining hijinks, and not in stolid Zurich in 1916 at the Café Voltaire. Dada was perfectly suited to the American temperament because of the recurrent American challenge to the concept of modernism, which is seen as elitist and undemocratic.

In the violence of their rejection of expressive humanistic content and their questioning of whether such content could be com-

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municated, pop and minimal artists shared a fundamentally Dada critical attitude antagonistic to the achievements of high art. Their downgrading of talent was essential to this leveling. For all its exalted philosophical and psychological rhetoric, minimal art requires only ideas, not talent, since it is clearly commercially fabricated. Indeed "not made by human hands" could stand as the motto of American art in the sixties. Automatic techniques in painting paralleled the use of industrial modules in minimal art. The lack of surface texture and the rejection of both tactility and modeling in the name of a spurious "opticality" became a trademark of color-field painting as well as of pop and minimal art.

Unwittingly, I initiated the vogue for minimal art in the article "ABC Art" written for *Art in America.* This shocked me since both the concept and title of the article had been ideas of Jean Lipman, then editor of *Art in America.* When the term "minimal art" became synonymous with a kind of pared-down literalist abstraction based on *gestalt* principles of perception, no one was as appalled or surprised as I at the sudden popularity of the new "movement."

It was Donald Judd who made the definitive assault on European aesthetics in his much-quoted 1965 article "Specific Objects." He called for an art that would reify the illusionistic qualities of painting into their literal, material equivalents. This, he claimed, would get rid of unreal illusionism, the last miserable vestige of European art. I had met Judd in a graduate seminar on Venetian Renaissance painting at Columbia and was impressed by his intelligence. The ghost of John Dewey was still hovering around Columbia, and Judd was profoundly influenced by Pragmatist theory, as was I. For if there is any method in my criticism, it is the pragmatic assumption that function determines meaning. Before trying to evaluate a work of new art in terms of *a priori* categories, I asked myself how the artist intended it to function. Was the work trying to instruct, disorient, mock, stupefy or shock the audience, and if so, why?

Like Robert Morris, Judd was a mid-Westerner, born in Missouri. Both pursued graduate studies in New York, not in studio art, but in art history. By the same token, Oldenburg, the son of a Swedish diplomat, was a Yale graduate, and Stella a Princeton alumnus. Well-equipped for polemics, they shared a sense of irony that was probably the appropriate response to the American scene in the sixties.

Both Greenberg and Judd were authoritarian personalities who

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made convincing cases for their respective interpretations of the "modernist reduction." Between Greenberg's cries for aesthetic purity through the reduction of each art form to its essence (in the case of painting, its visible material qualities and two-dimensional flatness), and Judd's call to jettison what was left of the "Old World" illusion of a space that was not real, and of color that was applied rather than intrinsic, American art was headed for an inevitable cul-de-sac in its rush toward aesthetic purity and autonomy from the European tradition.

Judd attacked Greenberg's criteria for judging art qualitatively, insisting it was unimportant whether art was good or bad because it needed only to be "interesting." In his later essays, Greenberg took to invoking Kant, falling back on the argument of good versus bad "taste" as determining the criteria for quality. One should have been able to anticipate the reaction: on the one hand, artists intentionally made things that were boring, hence *uninteresting;* others, bent on offending good taste, started making deliberately "bad" art. This in turn was lauded by curators creating careers by spotting new trends as the latest radical innovation.

In the early seventies, I became too unhappy about reviewing art to do it much longer. It was clear to me that the stained "color-field" abstraction Greenberg championed was based on a false premise. The unprimed canvas cloth, like the porous watercolor page, absorbed pigment. No illusion of actual space could be imagined because the image was embedded, that is, inseparable from its support. However, enlarged watercolors ultimately lost the substance, depth, and intensity of oil painting. In the cases of Klee and Miró, whose paintings on burlap and rough-textured supports prefigured this development, both support and pigment retained their tactile, painterly qualities. The title of Greenberg's essay launching stained color-field abstraction, "Post-Painterly Painting," is an oxymoron. Greenberg's real problem, however, was finding artists exceptional enough to bear the mantle of greatness he wished to bestow. Outside of Frankenthaler, who retained a European sense of scale and detail, and Friedel Dzubas, who courageously continued using priming, brushes, and oil paint during the heyday of staining, spraying, and sponging water-soluble acrylics, Greenberg's various saviors of high art had no dynamic or durable conception.

On the other hand, I did not see artists I grew up with creating anything but ambiguous objects, easily confused with furniture. All things considered, I had to admit I was not writing about a great

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moment in world art. Something fundamental had gone wrong if my words could be used for purposes I had not intended. Collector Eugene Schwartz, for example, wrote a booklet titled *Advice to a Young Collector*. In it, he instructed novice speculators on how to keep a scorecard on the rising value of their investments by starring artists mentioned favorably by various critics, of whom I was not delighted to find I was one. Once it became clear that my opinions were being used as a way of "touting" an artist, the similarity between the art world and a race track or a gambling casino was only too clear.

At this point, I started writing letters to artist friends, which were private critiques, and devoted my publications to more problematic general issues. Working for the peace movement during the Vietnam war took up much of my time. I still believed in the idea of an avant-garde that went against the grain of bourgeois values rather than confirming its most philistine aspirations. Mainly through my friendship with Robert Rauschenberg and Billy Klüver, I became involved with Experiments in Art and Technology, an idealistic group devoted to demonstrating that technology was a means, not an end. I am no longer sure this is true. These days I see the mass media as an unpredictable, uncontrollable autonomous Demiurge, the servant of profit, not progress.

When post-minimal and conceptual artists decided that painting was dead, I did not believe them. As far as they were concerned, the traditional manipulation of formal elements like line, shape, color, plane, and space were simply received ideas, recombinations of known qualities. Certain of Pollock's discoveries, they argued, could be extended "beyond painting." Principally, these had to do with painting as environment, the physicality of literal materials, the incorporation of random elements, and the emphasis on *process* (in Pollock's case pouring and dripping paint from cans and sticks) as an identifiable agent of form creation. This process was presumed analogous to natural processes, hence superior to visible human labor. Their art, based on mutability and transcience, was the antithesis of the stable preconceived forms that were imposed by artists involved with the manipulation of fixed formal elements. Disgust with the past and an American fascination with novelty led to the conclusion that painting was dead: it was pointless to invent new shapes, since all shapes *act* the same way because the imagination can predict in advance the outcome of every conceivable permutation by multiplying the possibilities.

By the end of the seventies, I had been assured by all right

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thinking people that painting was an illusion without a future. I was not so sure. I did know, however, that merely responding to what was written or publicized or advertised no longer constituted criticism. In the brave new world of anti-intellectual democratic mass culture, articulating a position that registered in any concrete way meant actively assembling an exhibition with a coherent viewpoint, writing a polemical catalogue, or making a film. To remain passive was, by definition, to remain an uncritical victim of the revolt of the masses. My father, who was born in the Warsaw ghetto, had taught me always to fight back. To have any affect, I concluded, it was necessary to be reviewed rather than reviewing.

Today, high art is on the defensive, trying to stand firm against the increasingly aggressive onslaughts of uninformed mediocrity. There is no more innocence in pop culture. The instant diffusion of information makes artists well aware of the uses of their art. Some seek to collaborate with the triumph of anti-cultural values. Passive acceptance is more attractive than actively fighting a losing battle.

The real change I have witnessed in over twenty-five years of looking at art is not a superficial change in the forms art assumes. Criticism can eventually respond to formal change, even technical change, of any kind. The fundamental change now is not in the *forms* of art, it is in the *function* of art and the role of the artist in society.

What influence critics may have had has been usurped by dealers, who have developed a sharp pseudo-historical rap that convinces their new-rich clients with the authority of sales charts of rising prices. Today, speculators and their hired publicists, not critics, make or break an artist's career. Thus the eclipse of aesthetic distance, initiated by the demand that art become as literal and real as any object in the world, has been coupled with the disappearance of the critical dimension. In this vicious circle, art is indistinguishable from any other commodity, impervious to the authority of reasoned or knowledgeable judgement.

As art becomes entertainment, fashion, public relations, and investment, the role of the critic has been diminished into impotent ostension. In the din of the babble, it is hard to hear a single voice. The taste of what the late playwright Charles Ludlum so accurately identified as the "bourgeois avant-garde" naturally responds to the latest manifestations of Dada, always waiting in the wings to titillate in any moment of bad faith. For the practitioners of slick "appropriation" art and "neo-geo"—deliberately contentless abstraction with no pretension to transcendental meaning—the point is to demonstrate

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that the new audience can no longer distinguish, not between good and bad art, but between art and not art or anti-art. Some find this diversion both fun and profitable, having your cake and eating it too, as Andy Warhol was fond of saying. But art derived from secondhand sources can be nothing other than second-rate.

An entire culture based on the transmission of visual information through reproduction, which has lost contact with the concept of either personal expression or unique individual genius, may call itself democratic. However, such massification seems closer to the totalitarian ideals of leveling qualitative differences associated in the mass mind with social class differentiation. If American art exists independently from European culture, it loses contact with its own sources and any historical continuity. The Romans made this mistake with Greek tradition, and the result was the overthrow of classical humanism in a proletarian revolt against patrician aesthetics, and elitist talent and training.

It is foolish to presume we can reclaim what has been lost through naive innocence, blind ignorance, and arrogant chauvinism until there is a general realization that Europe is the future as well as the past, and that we must measure our culture against its achievements in a necessary act of self-criticism. Perhaps the recent stock market crash may revise the idea that artworks are the trading beads of the global village.

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Victor Zaslavsky

MYSTERY IN A SOVIET LIBRARY

American libraries suffer from what Stalin would have called a "peasant leveling mentality." Simply anyone can walk in, go to the stacks and choose a book . . . simple as buying a piece of cheese. I suspect that these computerized cemeteries impart no respect whatever towards books, but rather depress readers. The will to write, to add yet another tome to the multitudes standing on the shelves is completely dissipated. Soviet libraries are very different. . . .

And I know what I miss in American libraries. It is that in many of them the traditions of Western individualism are obeyed to such an extent that the tables are big enough for only one reader. For this reason alone, I never would have had the chance to share a table at the Central Public Library with a certain reader registered under the surname Carrasco, whose real identity aroused in me an obsessive curiosity.

It was an opportunity arrived at after years spent traversing the capricious library-access hierarchy of the Soviet Union. When I was just ten years old, my school's head librarian noticed my love for books and co-opted me onto the Library Council. The Council's first memorable act was purging books. Immediately after the war, textbooks were scarce, and my school received two hundred history textbooks printed in the mid-1930s. To purge the old edition of "the enemies of the people," we would open to page 181 and spill ink on the portraits of Marshals Tukhachevsky and Blucher.

The store of books in the school library was meager, textbooks excepted, and I read quickly. The librarian wrote me a recommendation for the district library for grown-ups. The district library was subject to almost military discipline. Books could be signed out three at a time and exchanged no sooner than three days later. The library had a catalogue but it was out of bounds. To sign out a book the reader had to name the author; if he could not, which was usually the case, he had to mention at least what kind of book he wanted. "Something about love," the women quickly said. The men often hemmed and hawed, their hands aflutter.

When I entered the university, I reached a new height. The student library was a department of the Central Public Library,

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which, despite its name, was open only to scientific researchers. It was not open to the man in the street either—a student pass was required. This was a real library with a large catalogue and specialized reading rooms. Books could not be signed out—a great defect as the number of students seeking admittance easily exceeded the number of seats. One had to show up at seven o'clock in the morning and queue for an hour and a half. Those who arrived later waited even longer, until one of the early birds, done for the day, left a place.

After graduating I was finally granted the precious right to study in the Central Public Library. A "research pass" for the main reading room was required, and a university diploma was a prerequisite. It was the Olympus of libraries: millions of volumes, a gigantic collection of manuscripts accumulating over the centuries, even Voltaire's private book collection.

To avoid confusion, the readers were subdivided into three categories. The first and certainly most numerous had the right of access to "common reading rooms." These were homey and quiet. The walls supported heavy, prerevolutionary shelves, so that the truly essential references were always at hand. The forty-five volumes of Lenin's *Collected Works* (fourth edition) in brown covers went nicely with the three score light brown volumes of Marx and Engels, while the cool primness of the fifty-five blue volumes of Lenin's *Full Collected Works* (fifth edition) harmonized well with three dozen more assorted Lenin volumes in dull red. The modesty of the classics jibed against the vanity of the rather temporary guests: the thick volumes of current Politburo members' speeches with their fashionable glossy, gold-stamped covers, looking *nouveau riche* and even opulently gangster-like among the aristocracy of spirit. The common reading rooms are chronically overcrowded; the latecomers line the walls, marking time by leafing through the *Manifesto* or *What Is to Be Done.*

Reading rooms for professors and academicians are another thing altogether. Although the same brown-blue volumes populate the shelves and the tables are graced by the same green lampshades, there is always space for more among the famous linguists and literature specialists. There sits Vladimir Propp, past victim of the anticosmopolitan campaign, forever stiff with fear. Victor Shklovsky steps in like an old wrestler, pushing through invisible opponents. The common and professional reading rooms merge in the corridors, the smoking room, and the marble staircase, where open-mouthed graduate students peck at the crumbs of wisdom dropped by their supervisors.

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The upper grade of readers inhabits a different realm still, access to "restricted reading rooms," *spetskhran* in Russian or "spets" for short. Spets house the books defined as anti-Soviet and that require of their readers a greater political maturity. By definition, all of these should have been published after 1917, but there are also prerevolutionary works of authors who managed to write an anti-Soviet something even before the revolution. The majority of Western editions, except for technical and pure science texts, are found in the *spetskhran.*

To gain entrance into the spets one first obtains a supporting letter from a reputable research institute or university, signed by its troika of Director, Party Secretary, and the Chairman of the Trade-Union Committee. But the decisive information characterizing the candidate's political maturity arrives through the invisible network that links the spets to the departments responsible for state security in every respectable organization. The supporting letter should contain the subject of the proposed research, lest the spets librarian hand out books on unrelated topics. Hence, those coveting the spets try to formulate their topics in the vaguest of terms. Almost everyone admitted to the spets examines all-encompassing topics, such as "culture and personality," "criticism of bourgeois ideology," and the like.

The *spetskhran* is located in Room 88. I would enter the spets trembling and proffer my internal passport and pass to the guard with a shaking hand, trying to appear exactly like the photographs in my documents. I trembled openly, for I knew the guards took pleasure in that. It was easy, as I really was afraid: what if the guard should detect my political immaturity, notice my moral infirmity, or simply observe in my eyes the desire that he and his organization go to hell? To my good fortune, the guards had not yet learned to read minds.

The spets room had space for no more than a hundred at a time, but it was never full. Apparently, politically mature researchers were as hard to come by in the city as ripe pineapples in its vegetable stores. To the newcomer the most striking aspect of Room 88 was the high shelves on the walls, crammed not with the habitual blue-brown volumes promising the last word on every subject, but with endless rows of bright covers—the cry of advertising, the chaos of the ideas market. The forbidden fruit could be plucked directly from the shelves. A strange feeling would grip me, a mixture of confusion, elation, and, most of all, the stupefaction of freedom.

The elation passed fairly quickly when it turned out that in the

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spets freedom took the form of Engels's "recognition of necessity." Almost any book could be chosen, but it had to be registered in the reader's personal selection sheet. It was easy to see that from time to time the overseeing organization would peruse the books selected by a given reader over a year or two and draw certain inferences about his interests and progress in his studies. If the reader felt the need to keep his interests to himself, great care had to be taken to conceal it. The simplest tactic was to select as many books as possible, so that the true choices were buried by the mountain of books registered as ballast. But the method could backfire if a perusal of his choices led the organization to draw spurious conclusions by fabricating connections between the chosen books—and sometimes to bring charges against the reader.

Somehow the atmosphere in the spets was always tense. The readers did not speak to each other, even if they were acquaintances. People sat two to a table in their assigned seats, and even if they shared a table for years they never exchanged words or recognized each other. Each guarded his own secret, and when they left Room 88 it was as if their secrets ran along on a leash.

I got hold of a comfortable table by a window with a view onto Nevsky Prospect, where a worried humanity could be observed queuing with shopping bags at the famous Eliseev food store. For a full year I had the table to myself and, having grown accustomed to solitude, was almost offended when one day a neighbor materialized. He carried at least two dozen books, embracing the stack like a cord of firewood. He loaded the books onto his half of the table and apparently wanted to give me a friendly nod but cut himself short, understanding the impropriety of such a greeting. In response I shifted my chair slightly to the left. The exchange was the utmost in politeness given the circumstances: we acknowledged each other's existence in a place where people should not notice each other.

My neighbor showed up almost every day and came to interest me more and more. He was without distinguishing marks: simply a tall, broad-shouldered man, about sixty, with a stubborn chin. A Ukranian, perhaps. Obviously he had been strong but had gained weight from lack of exercise. Then again, all the habitués of the spets gained weight at that age: there could not have been too many athletes in such a place. He dressed Western-style but that was no rarity in the spets either. Nonetheless, my neighbor was markedly different from a typical spets reader, and it took me a while to realize why. Usually the *spetskhran* customer tried to shrink, hide, disap-

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pear. We all prayed for invisibility, wished to be forgotten, so that nothing threatened our fragile right to read forbidden literature. My neighbor, however, had some sort of inner confidence. He did not seem afraid to lose the precious privilege, nor did he appear to revel in his unique status. Even more surprising was his way of reading. An ordinary reader always remembered he was not alone and hence kept up an expression of distaste or boredom no matter how gripping the book—as if he were being forced to read or to chew on a lemon. It was our disagreeable profession, after all, that compelled us to read Western propaganda rather than join the rest of the populace and rejoice in optimistic Soviet literature. My neighbor, for his part, was obviously and completely captivated by his reading: he read and repeated to himself, he smiled and smirked. Once, when he stepped out for a moment, I could not help breaking the sacred rules of the spets; quickly, thief-like, I riffled through his file of books. The opened one turned out to be *L'affaire Toulaev* by Victor Serge—neither the book nor the author meant anything to me. But his other books struck me. They were by Trotsky or about him, and almost all of them in French or Spanish. Even more amazingly, my neighbor disdained concealing his interest. In 1950, during a search of the apartment of the father of one of my friends, they found Trotsky's *Literature and Revolution*. At the closed trial the prosecutor stated that "with every page the accused took another step towards betrayal of the fatherland." The accused cried with joy after being sentenced to twenty-five years—he had expected the firing squad. And my neighbor, he read Trotsky as if it were the most ordinary thing! The only explanation was that he belonged to the dying breed of "anti-Trotskyist propagandists." But they all worked at an institution that was privy to special sources of information and had no need to visit the spets.

The urge to find out about my neighbor grew daily. To inquire directly was out of the question, but to wait for a lucky accident to give away his name could take years. Still, I had some special sources of my own. Natasha, my "almost sister," worked in the library. She was not my sister, but ever since I had had a brief affair with her older sister—for whom I pined hopelessly for a long time—we had been trusting and devoted friends. The youngest Ph.D. in the library, she was the head of a department and a person of influence. But even she had trouble finding out the name. The first flash of information was puzzling. He was registered under the

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surname of Carrasco. "But that's Cervantes," I said, surprised. "Remember, he had a character named Carrasco?" "A pseudonym, maybe," Natasha guessed. Her curiosity was also aroused.

Several days later Natasha called me and said that she would come around in half an hour. I knew from her voice that something had happened. "I cracked it!" she blurted out in the doorway and then whispered: "It's Ramon Mercader." "Who?" I did not understand. "Ramon Mercader!" And she added in my ear, "The guy who killed Trotsky. But, for God's sake, don't tell anyone. We'll both be jailed. And in different cells, at that."

I asked around a bit and scraped some "facts" together, although they were all based on rumors. They said Mercader spent twenty years in a Mexican prison. They said that for "exemplary success in an important governmental mission," Stalin made Mercader a Hero of the Soviet Union and that all those years the Gold Star awaited Mercader in a safe deposit box. He did not get much out of it. Mercader returned during the Khrushchev years, not a good time for him. Although the victims of the 1930s show trials had not been rehabilitated, the condemnations of Trotsky as a Gestapo agent and Bukharin as a Nazi spy were also out of fashion. The word of the day was to "forget and never mention!" Thus, Mercader was sent to Prague. They said that he later came to sympathize with Dubček and the Prague Spring and had to be shipped back to the Soviet Union. Now he shuttled back and forth between Moscow and Leningrad—more accurately, between two *spetskhrans,* supposedly writing memoirs.

From that day on, I could not work in the spets. I bombarded my neighbor with questions: "Is it true that you're the very same Mercader? Why did you take the name Carrasco? Do you mean Trotsky was insane, a new Don Quixote? Do your children know who you are? And how do you feel now, thirty years after the murder of Leon Davidovich?" Of course, all these questions resounded only in my mind. A direct question could end badly for me and for Natasha. But I could no longer sit quietly in my seat nor read nor concentrate. I exchanged books needlessly, I stepped out into the smoking room—although I did not smoke. All the while I kept up an imaginary dialogue with Mercader. It was a sort of curse.

Mercader took no notice of my agitation or, indeed, my presence. But he had a hard time reading as well. He obviously conducted his own, endless dialogue with Trotsky or, perhaps, with the

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authors of books about Trotsky. He argued, he accused, he defended himself. . . . Sometimes he would pace back and forth in the corridor or jump up clenching his fists. Did he feel he was squeezing the icepick's handle, about to strike? Could those tales about a victim's ghost pursuing the murderer be true?

Knowing and not being able to tell is torture. I could no longer work at the same table as Mercader, but I was reluctant, even afraid to change my seat in Room 88. Thus, I trudged through the common reading rooms, greeted friends, talked about everything except what was on my mind, generally wasted time. I was so disturbed by the persistent internal dialogue that I lost all sense of caution. And I was swiftly punished.

If to gain access to the spets was like winning a lottery, to lose it through carelessness was like losing the winning ticket. It happened so rarely that the story is worth telling. Once, lost in indecision, I was walking through the library and ran into an old pal who had the strangest job in the world. He was a translator of nonexistent poetry from Central Asian languages. His clients were poets from Central Asia or sometimes, Caucasian republics, who absolutely had to publish in Russian. If a translation then appeared in a central journal the poet was showered with goodies: membership in the Union of Writers, well-paid book contracts in local publishing houses, official positions, power. The creative process went like this. The poet explained in less than lapidary Russian prose what poem he would write if only he could. My friend nodded approvingly and took notes. Only a few days later he would read to the poet a flowing stream of verse in which Soviet rule triumphed over the desert and the happy Kirghiz (Kazakh, or any other Central Asian person) wrote a song about his newfound happiness. The central journals had a quota for ethnic minorities: sooner or later they published my friend's poems, for he was, after all, a talented versifier. My friend sincerely admired his clients. "What vitality!" he would exclaim. "Under a different regime these people would play the stock market or join the mafia. Here they become poets and join the Union of Writers. Such characters won't lose out in any place."

The translations commanded a princely reward. Grapes and aromatic melons, Armenian cognac thirty years old, and Turkoman carpets—all on top of the honorarium. However, there were also a few real poets, who published real books—occasionally good books—and then the work took a serious turn. My friend maintained a

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group of Central Asian language specialists who made literal translations and got paid by the line. This threw up another obstacle. Several copies of the text were needed, but transcription of Central Asian texts was painful and expensive. The library owned a xerox machine, but it was guarded like a bank vault. Two trusted comrades—the head of the copying department and the xerox operator—kept the two different keys to the machine, and both had to be inserted in the appropriate slots for the machine to function. A reader was entitled to ten pages of copy a day. Worse, to copy these ten pages one needed the approval of the department head who knew no foreign languages, certainly no Central Asian ones. Thus, there arose the classic Catch-22: for permission to make the copies necessary for the translation one had to first present the translation itself. My friend removed this obstacle by those same gifts of the grateful South; a good part of them found their way to those responsible for the xerox machine.

That unfortunate day I met my friend as he mournfully lugged a whole heap of poetry to the xerox room. Delighted to see me, he begged my help with the xeroxing. "Two's company," he convinced me and promised to reward me with a copy of a small book of my choice. The temptation was great: for a long time I had coveted a collection of Mandelstam's poetry, *The Stone,* not to be found for any money. But surely in the end I agreed because Mercader made my life a misery and I was ready for anything to avoid returning to Room 88. Later Natasha reproached me for my complete loss of sanity and self-control. Everyone knew that the extraordinary powers of the copying department bred intrigue and denunciations by the envious. Whatever the cause, as we approached the end of our xeroxing several inspectors barged in—surely alerted by a tip—and found us in the act: a copy of Mandelstam, a load of copies of poems in unknown languages and no permit to use the xerox machine.

The consequences were horrifying. A report arrived at my institute detailing my "breaking of library rules." To wit: "illegal use of xerox machine . . . serious infraction against instructions concerning *spetskhran* materials . . . attempted bribery of library staff. . . . " There were other paragraphs that now escape my memory. Altogether they certainly amounted to less than "treason" but sounded worse than, say, "armed robbery." As the head of the first department brusquely told me: "Lucky they were dusty poems or else off to

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Siberia for you." I did not lose my job but was demoted and lost not only my access to the spets but also the use of the entire library.

I did begin a new ascent to the spets, but then my emigration made it all meaningless. In those years I completely lost sight of Ramon Mercader. Rumor had it that he contracted cancer and was allowed to die in Cuba. I would like to know what his gravestone says: Carrasco, Mercader, or, simply, the man who killed Trotsky. And did he ever finish those memoirs?

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Gunther S. Stent

THE MAKING OF SCIENCE

Practitioners of the scholarly disciplines styled "philosophy of science" and "history of science" have a strangely hard time defining the subject of their studies. They may agree that "science" is the search for causal explanations of the events of our experience, and thus the attempt to understand the natural world and secure power over it. But since magic and religion share in that goal, drawing a clear conceptual line of demarcation between science and nonscience—showing in what sense astronomy and evolutionary biology are scientific, and astrology and creationism are not—is by no means easy.

The philosophically troublesome concept of truth, which is used to evaluate scientific theories, makes it even more difficult to explicate the concept of science. What do we mean when we say that a scientific theory is true? Scientists tend to be (philosophical) realists—they believe that our experiences reflect a real world which is as it is, whether we perceive it or not. They can therefore readily answer: A theory is true if it corresponds to what is actually the case in the real world. However, many philosophers reject this correspondence notion of truth. They point out, moreover, that ascertaining whether a scientific theory actually does correspond to the real world is, in any case, beyond our power, even if we found that the theory has the capacity to predict events correctly or to guide technological developments effectively.

Such philosophical disputes notwithstanding, whatever it was that Galileo, Newton, Einstein and a myriad of lesser people were doing, it has been gloriously successful. And so in recent years scholars have sought to fathom the nature of science by examination of the lives and works of particular scientists, that is, by historical case studies, rather than by philosophical armchair ratiocination. As a result, the formerly distinct categories of the philosophy and of the history of science have tended to fuse into a single discipline, with its practitioners distinguished mainly by whether they are employed in university departments of philosophy or of history. Gerald Holton, Harvard University Professor of Physics and the History of Science, is part of this latter-day amalgamation. In the preface to his recently published collection of essays and lectures, *The Advancement of Science*

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and Its Burdens (Cambridge University Press), he says that here he "continue[s] to apply the [case-study] approach developed in [his] earlier studies to the questions of how modern science is done, and what its influences are on our world." He devotes about a third of his new book to an examination of the career of Albert Einstein; other scientists whose cases Holton examines more briefly include Robert Millikan, Robert Oppenheimer, and Werner Heisenberg.

The principal philosophical issue addressed in these essays concerns the crucial role that the presuppositions brought by scientists to their interpretation of data have in how modern science is done. Other topics considered include the question of whether scientists need a philosophy (Holton thinks that although explicit epistemological philosophizing seems to be passé among the contemporary Young Turks of science, he notices a welcome interest in moral philosophizing among them); the regrettable neglect to include the history of science in the teaching of general history to the young (Holton thinks that the cultivation of rational thought would be better served by studying the examples of Galileo, Newton and Einstein rather than "the succession of genocidal maniacs, from Emperor Tizlath III of Babylon . . . to Joseph Stalin"); and the recently arisen conflict in the developed countries of the West between the old "ideology of progress" and a new "ideology of limits" (Holton thinks that "the momentum of the debate is large, and the divisions of fundamental issues are deep" and that what is needed is "wise action and accommodation," for which he does not provide any specific suggestions).

To put Holton's focus on the role of scientists' presuppositions in their work into perspective, we may recall that a common point of departure for contemporary students of the nature of science is the epistemological wisdom provided by Immanuel Kant in the second half of the eighteenth century. Kant pointed out that our sensory perceptions of the world become experience, that is, gain meaning, because our minds interpret them in terms of innate categories—such as time, space and object—that we bring to, rather than infer from, experience. By structuring that experience according to further innately accepted notions, such as logical induction (some *A* are *B;* therefore all *A* are *B*) or causation (the occurrence of *A* is both necessary and sufficient for the occurrence of *B*), we then construct a mental picture of an orderly reality of causally connected (rather than happenstance) events.

This Kantian view of the process by which we construct reality

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can be considered an interpretation of the phenomena that we experience, and hence as formally analogous to hermeneutics, the scholarly activity dedicated to providing explicit interpretations of meaning hidden or conveyed implicitly in texts or other semantic structures. Textual interpretation is not a straightforward procedure because the would-be interpreter must understand the context (that is, the meaning of the whole text) in which hidden, implicit meaning is embedded before he can render it explicit. To permit the interpreter to grasp the meaning of the text as a whole before having interpreted any of its parts, hermeneutics invokes the interpreter's *pre-understanding,* consisting of intuitive insights that he brings to a particular text. Since different interpreters may have different intuitions, *there is no objectively valid interpretation of that text.*

The latter-day, case-study-based historico-philosophical approach to the nature of science has revealed that scientists must bring prior insights equivalent to hermeneutic pre-understanding to their quest for understanding the natural world. The pre-understanding brought by any individual scientist far transcends the innate Kantian categories and notions such as logical induction and causation. It includes also the corpus of knowledge held and the questions asked by his scientific community. Since that corpus and those questions differ for various scientific communities that exist at different historical times or coexist at the same time, there is no objectively valid understanding of the natural world.

One of the early case studies to lead to this conclusion was first published in 1935, by the Polish microbiologist-immunologist Ludwik Fleck (*Genesis and Development of a Scientific Fact.* University of Chicago Press, 1979). Drawing on his own research experience with the Wassermann test for syphilis, Fleck concluded that a scientific "fact" (or truth) is not something that comes to be known simply via a bipartite relation between subject and object (that is, between scientist and phenomena) but, rather, that a fact arises from a tripartite relation, of which, in addition, a third essential component is the current state of knowledge and *thought-style* shared by the members of the *thought-collective* to which the scientist happens to belong. Fleck also called attention to the crucial role of spoken language in the discovery of scientific truth, in that the meanings of words are not merely arbitrary designations for this-or-that element of reality but already embody within them particular theories, knowledge and thought-styles. Hence members of a given thought-collective delimit by their choice of words what kind of discoveries they can make.

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Fleck's book remained virtually unknown for nearly forty years, but in 1962, Thomas Kuhn brought similar ideas to the attention of a wide public with his enormously popular and influential book *The Structure of Scientific Revolution* (University of Chicago Press). Three key terms used by Kuhn were "paradigm," "normal science" and "revolution." Although these terms were abstracted mostly from case studies in physics and chemistry, they found less acceptance by physical scientists than by social scientists, among whom they spread like wildfire.

By "paradigm," Kuhn meant the contents of textbooks or treatises, read by practitioners of a particular scientific discipline at a particular historical time and place, which "expound the body of accepted theory, illustrate many or all of its successful applications, and compare these applications with exemplary observations and experiments." As long as the paradigm remains sufficiently open-ended to leave all sorts of scientific problems to solve, its adherents are practicing "normal science." However, after a while the orderly increase in knowledge produced by normal science usually leads to a "crisis" or to observations that cannot be accounted for under the reigning paradigm. The crisis is eventually resolved by introduction of a novel theory, which contravenes some essential features of the paradigm and initiates a new paradigm which replaces the old. In that case, a scientific "revolution" has occurred, leading to a different kind of normal science, which may be "incommensurable" with that which preceded it, in the sense that what was held to be true for good reasons under the earlier paradigm may no longer be true under the new paradigm. Thus, just as hermeneutics recognizes to be the case for texts, a natural phenomenon may have many different true meanings (explanations), of which (just as in the case of the Bible) only that intended by God could be said to be privileged.

In the 1970s, Holton put forward his own version of the cardinal role of pre-understanding in scientific practice (*Thematic Origins of Scientific Thought.* Harvard University Press, 1973). Holton's version, which he restates in *The Advancement of Science and Its Burdens,* is formulated in terms of what he calls a "spatial analogy, or mnemonic device." He likens the earlier (late eighteenth century) view of scientific knowledge to a two-dimensional plane, within which particular pieces of knowledge correspond to areal elements. The two dimensions, or "axes," that characterize the location of any areal element in this plane are the logical and mathematical propositions by which inferences are drawn from a set of given premises (following Kant,

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Holton refers to these as "analytic") and the empirical propositions which "ultimately boil down to meter readings and other public phenomena" (to which Kant referred as "synthetic" but which Holton prefers to call "phenomenic"). Although this late eighteenth century two-dimensional image of scientific knowledge represented a conceptual advance over the two rival one-dimensional views of rationalism (true knowledge is analytic) and empiricism (true knowledge is synthetic) that preceded it in the seventeenth century, it is still inadequate. Holton asks why, if the two-dimensional image were true, "is science not one great totalitarian engine taking everyone relentlessly to the same inevitable goal?" How can the two-dimensional image account for "the easily documented existence of [scientific] pluralism at all times," which is historically manifest in the "fundamental antagonisms in terms of programs, tastes and beliefs, with occasional passionate outbursts between [highly competent, well-matched] scientific opponents?"

To resolve this quandary, Holton introduces a third axis, the "thematic," which, in consort with the analytic and phenomic axes, defines a three-dimensional space of scientific knowledge. Thus particular pieces of knowledge correspond to particular volume elements rather than to particular areal elements. Along the thematic axis "are located these fundamental presuppositions, often stable, many widely shared, that show up in the motivation of the scientist's actual work, as well as in the end-product for which he strives. Decisions between them, insofar as they are consciously made, are judgemental (rather than, as in the phenomic-analytic plane, capable in principle of algorithmic decidability)." Holton calls these presuppositions (which require a philosophical magnifying glass to be distinguished from Fleck's thought styles or Kuhn's paradigms) *themata*. Thus, two equally competent scientists who arrived at the same areal element in the phenomic-analytic plane would reach different volume elements in the space above that plane if they brought different themata to their work.

It is not surprising that Holton's spatial analogy of scientific knowledge with its thematic axis has been largely ignored by philosophers of science. First, it is hard to imagine what kinds of metrics are supposed to be represented along the phenomenal, analytic and thematic axes. For Holton's three-dimensional knowledge space to have mnemonic value, it ought to incorporate the concept of semantic distance between the particular volume elements: A geometric analogy is not much help for remembering knowledge if it

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does not indicate in what sense the knowledge contained by two spatially close volume elements is more similar than the contents of two spatially remote elements. Lacking such a semantic distance concept, Holton's knowledge space brings to mind a Rubik cube rather than an ordered conceptual space. Second, and more importantly, Holton's three-dimensional analogy implies that the three axes represent independent variables, so that the positions reached by various scientists in the phenomenal-analytic plane are independent of the positions reached by them along the thematic axis. This cannot be the case, since the kind of instruments set up for taking meter readings in the first place depend on the thematic pre-understanding brought by the observer to the phenomenon under study.

Holton's case study of Einstein benefits from the fact that Einstein published not only his scientific results but his philosophical views as well. It is thus possible for us to fathom not only what Einstein was doing in the first three decades of this century, when he developed the theories that vastly extended our understanding of the physical world, but also what he *thought* he was doing. Holton uses this legacy to show that Einstein and his contemporaries interested in the same scientific problems each brought his own themata to his work and that many of their theoretical disagreements can be traced to differences in thematic approach to the same phenomena. For instance, using the same data and the same mathematical logic as his precursors H. A. Lorentz and Henri Poincaré, Einstein was able to develop the special theory of relativity because, unlike their thematic approach to the propagation of light, his simply ignored the concept of an ether as carrier of electromagnetic waves.

Holton draws on this material to support another argument in favor of the claim that phenomenological and analytical propositions do not suffice to account for the development of scientific knowledge, unless the role of themata is taken into account. This argument relates to what Holton calls (borrowing, without indicating its source, Samuel Taylor Coleridge's characterization of poetic faith) "suspension of disbelief," or the willingness of scientists to disregard empirical data that appear to contradict, or falsify, a theory that (for them) has reached thematic status. One dramatic example uncovered by Holton himself about ten years ago concerns Robert Millikan's oil-drop experiments carried out in 1911–1912 to determine the basic unit of electric charge of the electron. Upon examining Millikan's laboratory notebooks preserved at the California Institute of Technology, Holton noticed that, contrary to Millikan's

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assurance in his celebrated 1913 paper that he was reporting *all* his results, Millikan had actually suppressed about sixty percent of the raw data. Many of those data appeared to be incompatible with Millikan's thematic presupposition of the electron as carrier of the unitary electric charge (now held to be correct) and favored instead the view of his then much more eminent rival Felix Ehrenhaft (now held to be wrong), who claimed to have observed particles with fractional electric charge, or "subelectrons."

Holton outlines the development of Einstein's themata, as they both drove and were driven by Einstein's discoveries of the quantal nature of light, the molecular-statistical nature of Brownian movement, the theory of special relativity and its portentous formula $E = mc^2$, and the theory of general relativity which relates gravitational forces to the space-time continuum. Preeminent among these themata was Einstein's aim of achieving (and belief in the attainability of) a coherent, complete and unified scientific picture of the world. This *thema* led him in his later years to search, unsuccessfully, for a "unified field" theory capable of providing a common account for the phenomena of gravitation and electromagnetism and never to cease his opposition ("God does not play at dice") to Werner Heisenberg's and Niels Bohr's counter-thema, derived from quantum mechanical theory, that, *au fond,* the world cannot be described by such a picture.

Themata-wise Holton believes that, "in addition to his role as a builder of a new view of the physical universe and as a contributor to many branches of physical science, Einstein came to influence twentieth-century culture in ways no other scientist did. His ideas, or views attributed to him, reverberate to this day in fields as distinct from his own scientific contribution as psychology, linguistics, the analysis of modern art, and the study of the impact of science and technology and ethics." But as most of these examples suggest, Einstein's extra-scientific thematic influence—as also alleged by various scholars and artists—was mostly based on a misunderstanding of Einstein's scientific ideas and a metaphorical misapplication of the technical concept of relativity. In causing that confusion, Einstein is not wholly free of blame. "Relativity," as he had realized within a few years of his first metaphorical use of the term, was an infelicitous choice for naming a theory whose cardinal postulate is that the laws of physics and the velocity of light are absolute, rather than relative. Hence Holton concludes "that in pursuing the documentable cases of 'impact' of one person or field on another, we have been led to a

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more mysterious fact, namely that there exists a mutual adaptation and resonance of the innovative mind with portions of the total set of metaphors current at a given time."

Einstein's case history ends with an account of his decision to leave Berlin and move to Princeton, following the Nazi *Machtuebernahme* in 1933. To this often-told story Holton has little to add. However, he clears up the not uncommon misconception that at the time of Einstein's move to the New World, the United States was still a scientific backwater and that it was mainly the arrival of brilliant refugee savants fleeing European fascism that gave America its present scientific and technological hegemony. In fact, since the turn of this century there had occurred a "rather sturdy indigenous effort and [a] rapid growth of physics in the United States," augmented all along by a steady flow of European scientist-immigrants. Cal Tech, which played an important role in shaping Einstein's favorable impressions of the United States prior to his definitive move, is a case in point: In the years 1920–33, Millikan had succeeded in transforming a former technical training school for boys in Pasadena into a stellar, world-renowned research institution. Holton says that "even before the major influx of European physicists in the 1930s, the center of international activity had been shifting Westwards to the United States, preparing the country to be not only a physical refuge but also an intellectual attraction for the emigrés . . . . Einstein's move to the Western Hemisphere was not a cause but a symbol of a historic process."

Holton compares the case histories of Werner Heisenberg and Robert Oppenheimer. Pairing these two other famous twentieth century physicists seems like a strange idea, since their careers appear to have little in common, other than that both were influenced by Niels Bohr at a critical stage in their lives and "that each ended up being in charge of the project that aimed to produce a nuclear weapon for his respective country during the 1940s" (which Holton finds "rather uncanny" but which I presume was his main reason for pairing them in the first place). Heisenberg's development of quantum mechanics in 1925–27 makes him an all-time great in the history of physics, whereas Oppenheimer made no fundamental scientific contribution of comparable significance. On the other hand, Heisenberg fortunately failed in directing the German atomic bomb project, while Oppenheimer gloriously succeeded in directing its American counterpart. Since the social backgrounds of these two men, the contexts in which they spent their formative years, and,

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above all, the conditions under which they directed their respective wartime projects, were so divergent, the Heisenberg-Oppenheimer comparison seems to show little more than that there is something to be said for the old existentialist saw that existence precedes essence.

Holton *does* show that Heisenberg's great leap forward for our understanding of the physical world depended, just like Einstein's, on abandoning a long-hallowed scientific thema. In Heisenberg's case, he abandoned the presupposition that theories about the world must be *anschaulich,* or capable of giving rise to a mental picture. Heisenberg accounted for the observable dynamics of electrons in terms of an algebraic formalism comprised of elements whose properties cannot be reconciled with our intuition about the nature of physical objects, and hence are incapable of giving the kind of coherent and unified picture of the world sought by Einstein. In view of Heisenberg's abandonment of *Anschaulichkeit,* Holton asks whether "quantum mechanics, often referred to as a 'revolution' in physics, [is] really outside the tradition of work inaugurated in the time of Galileo?" Holton implies that Heisenberg would have replied to this question in the negative, as Einstein did to the question of whether he thought that *his* theories were revolutionary.

By requiring a revolution in physics to constitute a movement outside of the whole scientific tradition that preceded it, Holton simply defines out of existence the still hotly debated problem of whether, as claimed by Kuhn, the history of science is punctuated by revolutions. According to Holton's definition, there have *never* been any scientific revolutions, not even in Galileo's time: The new tradition then inaugurated was not really outside the older tradition inaugurated by the Ionian Greeks. Indeed, if we applied Holton's implied explication of the meaning of "revolution in physics" to its metaphorical source, and asked whether the republic which arose from the overthrow of the *ancien régime* (often referred to as the "French Revolution") is really outside the tradition of European states inaugurated at the time of the Charlemagne, we would similarly have to reply in the negative and conclude that there have never been any political revolutions either. Kuhn, by contrast, demands merely a change in paradigm (or thought-style or thema) for a scientific revolution to have taken place. And as Holton himself shows in this book, important thematic changes certainly attended the discoveries of Einstein and Heisenberg.

Admittedly, as Holton points out, scientists "by and large disavow the revolutionary model in favor of an evolutionary one

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when they speak of their own work rather than textbook science," to which I can attest also from my own experience. When, as a freshly minted Ph.D. in Physical Chemistry, I joined Max Delbrück's Phage Group at Cal Tech in 1948, I had no idea that I had fallen in with a camarilla plotting the molecular biological revolution that had its Bastille Day on April 25, 1953, the day Francis Crick and our own James Watson published their model of the structure of DNA. Even though Watson's and Crick's achievement was not really outside the tradition of work inaugurated in the times of Friedrich Miescher (who isolated DNA in 1869), of W. T. Astbury (who subjected DNA to x-ray crystallography in 1938), and of Oswald Avery (who identified DNA as the genetic material in 1944), the discovery of the DNA double helix radically changed the "thought styles," "paradigms," or "themata" then held by biological thought-collectives. Within a few months, it had become clear to all but the most obtuse biologists that they must now think about heredity in terms of large molecules that carry genetic information. So when, in later years, I began to write textbooks and molecular biology had turned into a normal science, I realized, like Monsieur Jourdain, that we had been speaking revolution all the while. Similarly, as regards the history of twentieth-century physics, it seems to be mere cavil to refuse to apply retrospectively the revolution metaphor to the dramatic abandonment of the intuitive notions about space and time by relativity theory or of the intuitive requirement for *Anschaulichkeit* by quantum mechanics, even if their initiators Einstein and Heisenberg did not think of themselves as revolutionary physical theorists at the time.

The collection ends with Holton's 1981 Jefferson Lecture, from which the title of the book is taken and the invitation to the delivery of which, so Holton explains to his readers, "is the highest honor the federal government confers for distinguished intellectual achievements in the humanities." Using Thomas Jefferson as "an exemplar of the whole linked sequence of responsible research in science and technology," Holton considers "two main benefits of the advancement of science and also the two main burdens." By advancement of science, he means the ever-continuing process of unification of knowledge, by which phenomena that once appeared diverse are later shown to be closely related. Of the two main benefits of the advancement of science, "which we may be sure Jefferson himself would have been delighted to see," one is the "fairly coherent over-

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view of nature and the design and production of powerful technical devices," and the other is "the direct and indirect influence that the results and attitudes of scientific/technical advance have had in extending the very conception of *human rights*."

One of the two main burdens of the "advancement and symbiosis of science/technology" that Holton thinks Jefferson would have been distressed to see is the loss of contact between scientists and the educated sector of the general public, because "the concepts and methods of science have become largely inaccessible to all but its practitioners and small circle of attentive onlookers." The other, more serious burden, is the waning of the faith (passed on to us from Francis Bacon since Jacobean times) in the benign efficacy of technological progress, "even yielding to its very opposite—the fear of an autonomous technology and the rise of an ideology of limits." (To the rise of that ideology, I must confess, I have myself made a modest contribution, with my book, *The Coming of the Golden Age,* Natural History Press, 1969).

Even though this book is devoted to important topics relating to how scientists work and to the theoretical and practical questions they ask, it is difficult to wax very enthusiastic about it. First, the chapters seem to be reprinted from earlier publications, and in some cases even directly from texts prepared for oral presentation, without any apparent editorial effort to integrate them, avoid tedious repetitions, or provide clarification of terms, concepts, and individuals likely to be unfamiliar to a general reader. Second, Holton had the bad luck that Adam Pais's brilliant biography of Einstein, *Subtle Is the Lord . . .* (Oxford University Press, 1982) appeared just a few years ago, from which, in my view at least, one can gain (by way of a more enjoyable reading experience) a deeper insight into Einstein's scientific works and thoughts. Third, Holton does not provide his readers with a full perspective of contemporary philosophical thought on the problems he addresses. He makes very little reference, or none at all, to some of the most important contemporary contributors to the discussion of the advancement of science and its burdens—Thomas Kuhn is mentioned only once, in a single paragraph, and the names of Ludwik Fleck and of Paul Feyerabend (one of the most radical of contemporary critics of traditional notions about the advancement of science, who may be *too* radical, but whose views no state-of-the-art treatment of that subject can very well afford to ignore) are missing altogether.

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All the same, the appearance of this collection of essays is to be welcomed. There cannot be too many books that deconstruct the still all-too-common view of science as an autonomous exercise of pure reason carried out by disembodied, selfless spirits who are inexorably moving towards an objectively true knowledge of Nature, and that promote instead a more realistic view of science as a primarily social activity carried out by thought-collectives of people seeking to understand and to manipulate the world that we construct from our experience.

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Peter Marchant and Stan Sanvel Rubin

AN INTERVIEW WITH STEPHEN SPENDER

SR: You published an autobiography, *World Within World,* in 1951. Are you working on another to bring that one up to date?
SS: I don't quite want to bring it up to date, because I think that people's lives get very boring in autobiographies at the point of their becoming famous figures; the latter half of that sort of "life" tends to be a list of your accomplishments and the places you've been to—a kind of travelogue, almost. I might avoid that by cutting up the original autobiography and putting in new material. But I'll have to read *World Within World* again to decide whether I can do that. I haven't read it since I wrote it in 1950.
PM: You've had many lives—prep school, adolescence, Oxford, Germany, England in the thirties and its literary life, Spain, the Auxiliary Fire Service. Which has been the worst?
SS: I always think that prep school was, far and away, the worst. I was very unhappy at the boarding school I was sent to when I was nine. I was totally unsuited to go to a boarding school, and I felt as if I'd been sent to prison. I always used to think, well, I'll never be as unhappy again as I am here. As a matter of fact, a master once said that to me. He noticed that I was very unhappy and said, "Anyhow you can have this consolation, that you'll never be so unhappy again." And it turned out to be quite true. When I was twenty-one, I wrote to him and thanked him very much for having made that remark and said that it had got me through being at school. I felt like a prisoner really, imprisoned with all these other awful little boys.
PM: Which has been the best period of your life?
SS: I was probably happiest after I had left Oxford and was away from any kind of institution. Oxford in a way I liked because I made friends there, but I didn't make anything of Oxford. My ambition

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Editor's Note: This interview was edited by Earl G. Ingersoll from a transcription of a videotape produced by the Educational Communications Center on February 14, 1978, and sponsored by the Brockport Writers Forum, Department of English, SUNY College at Brockport, New York. Copyrighted © October 29, 1987, by SUNY. All rights reserved by the State University of New York. Not to be reprinted without permission.

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always was to be independent—and to have a typewriter and a room of my own—and to start doing my own work.

I joined forces with Christopher Isherwood, who was living in Berlin and was rather lonely there—he wanted someone to talk to about literature and things. We lived very close to each other, and we met for every meal. That really was my life then—seeing Christopher Isherwood and getting on with my writing.

PM: Had your relationship with Isherwood remained the same as it had been when you were an undergraduate?

SS: Yes, I think my relationships with nearly all my friends have stayed the same. We're very fond of one another, and we meet whenever we can.

SR: There is a popular image of the poet as always a youthful figure and yet, in fact, you are writing poetry well into old age, just as Frost and Eliot and Stevens did.

SS: In a way it's a phenomenon of living in the twentieth century. Poets tend to get terribly preoccupied in middle life. In early life one is neglected and, therefore, free from being called on the whole time, so one can get on with one's work. Then in old age one is also suddenly free again, and things are falling away from one. One interesting thing about being old is that one is invisible: if I get into an elevator, say, and it's full of young people, they don't look at me; they're looking at one another. That sense of being invisible is rather nice.

PM: Has your view of yourself changed? In *World Within World,* the sense I had of you as an undergraduate was somebody very sensitive and shy, easily humiliated. Someone made the remark to you that artists thrive on humiliation.

SS: Yes, Auden said, "You will always be a poet because you will always be humiliated." I'm rather beyond being humiliated. But otherwise I think I am very much as I was.

SR: You talk about not changing, but I wonder if your time in America has had any direct impact on your writing.

SS: I never felt very "English" as a writer. In fact, in my generation, to be young and a member of the English upper-middle class, the kind of person who goes to an English public school and to Oxford or Cambridge, meant that if you were not English—and by origin I am a quarter-German and a quarter-Jewish—one was made very conscious of being a bit of an outsider. Also I belonged to a time when people of my generation resented England very much—the public school system, the Conservative Party, all the governments of England between the two wars, the British Empire, the whole English

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upper-class code. Not feeling myself very English anyway, I always felt happier abroad than in England. During the war, as a matter of fact, if one was in England, one recovered a great feeling of England. I can think of Englishness as something almost sacred, but I always feel a bit of an outsider and not really English myself; therefore, wherever I am, I feel pretty well at home. If I go to Asia, for instance, I don't feel that I have a white face in contrast to these peoples of different colors; I really feel as if I'm almost one of them. I've never found it very difficult to bridge those gulfs, which are supposed to exist. I've always felt myself rather international, I think.

PM: You've been extraordinarily prolific—you've written seventy-five books—yet you describe yourself as being very social, finding it difficult to say "no" to invitations. What exactly is your work routine? How do you manage to write so much?

SS: If one has lived a fairly long time, there have been a great many days in one's life. I've probably written on the average an hour or two a day, every day of my life, and if you worked it out, one could have written seventy-five books, I think. On the whole, when I am working on something that I care about, I really am working at it, or thinking about it, the whole time. A friend of mine always says, "I think of you as having a certain expression on your face when you're pretending to listen to me." When I'm pretending to listen to people, I'm usually getting on with whatever I happen to be writing.

SR: You've written and spoken about what you term the need for "pressure" in writing, which I understand to mean the tension between the content and the form. Do you perceive a difference in your own approach to fiction (which you've not written for some time) versus poetry or journalism? How do you handle these diverse forms of "pressure"?

SS: Journalism I do simply to make money, although one needn't necessarily. It could be like writing a letter, for instance, which I do. In fact, I really prefer writing things I'm not paid for, and what I like very much is writing letters to people. Writing for one person seems to me the ideal situation.

Actually I think one has to keep on more or less writing in a genre like fiction, and if one doesn't, one forgets how to write in that genre. I would like to write stories, but I have the feeling that fiction has developed a great deal since the time when I did write stories, and I don't really know how to start again. I have kept on writing poetry just about enough to feel that I don't have to ask myself, "How does one write a poem?"

PM: You've also written a play, about Germany in the thirties. Did

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you find it a struggle to write a play, that you didn't know how?
SS: I see a great many plays and feel very critical of them, in the sense that I know they are not written as they should be written.
PM: You've said that you didn't much like *Cabaret,* which is the Hollywood version of you and Isherwood in Berlin. Was your play any sort of reaction to that film?
SS: I always say to Christopher that I often have a good mind to call my play *My Berlin,* in contrast to his. I noticed in his last book that he really wanted me to leave Berlin, because he was afraid that I would use his material. In the middle of the play, which is entirely political, there is a sort of cabaret scene which impinges on Christopher Isherwood's kind of Berlin.
PM: Was Isherwood pleased with *Cabaret?*
SS: No, we both felt the same: nothing happens in *Cabaret* that Christopher and I could have possibly afforded to do. Hollywood seems quite incapable of really doing anything about the lives of people like students who are comparatively poor. *Cabaret* is quite ridiculous. Jean Ross, the model for Sally Bowles, was a very unsuccessful performer in a cabaret, and really, I suppose one would have to say, a sort of whore, although I hate to say that because she was a person I adored. But that really is the way she made her money. In this movie she's the toast of Berlin and at the same time she's always asking for cigarettes because she's so poor. That kind of unreality I find depressing and painful. It seems a pity that Hollywood couldn't make something much more interesting out of what was real—the kind of life we did live.
SR: What do you think now of the work that Isherwood, Auden, MacNeice, and you did in the thirties?
SS: On the whole, politics didn't help us at all in our writing. Isherwood and MacNeice kept very clear of politics, in fact. Auden wrote a great deal about politics, all of which he suppressed. I went over all the journalism and everything Auden had written in the thirties the other day,and I was amazed how much he'd done and how serious he was about politics. He was always trying to reconcile socialism with Christianity and that kind of thing. It was a major effort, but it didn't seem to help him in his work. When he stopped being interested in politics and went to America, there's immediately a sense of release and he can get on with being Auden, I think.

In a certain sense, I'm interested in politics, as a theme and as it provides material—some really horrifying material. The question is whether one can make something of it. I always thought I could

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make *one* thing of it, which was my great interest in the struggle going on in Nazi Germany, when I was there and after I left.

SR: On the whole, does the world seem a better one, say, for a young writer than it was when you went to Oxford?

SS: Yes, in the sense that even if young poets in England today don't have a spectacular success, they can still support themselves fairly well because the Arts Council pays for readings they give. We didn't have any opportunity of that kind. A few writers when I was young—and I happen to be one of them—really had very little difficulty because we were recognized almost immediately. But the ones who weren't recognized did have a very difficult time.

SR: Back in the sixties, writing about the state of British poetry at that time, you singled out Ted Hughes, Philip Larkin, and Thom Gunn. Whom would you add to that list now?

SS: There are quite a lot of poets who write quite interesting poems, but I don't think that there has been a major figure since Larkin and Gunn and Hughes.

PM: Auden, in his first *Collected Poems,* talks about the "slim volume for which one is honestly grateful." Looking back on your years of writing and friendships, what seems to count the most?

SS: A selection of poems, perhaps, the autobiography, and that's about it, I think.

PM: You were critical of Virginia Woolf, looking at Edith Cavell's statue, and saying, "Patriotism isn't enough." You wanted to say to her, "Sensibility isn't enough." Doesn't she turn out to be right in the end? Aren't personal relationships what matter most?

SS: No, I don't think she is right. I adored Virginia Woolf, and I very much like her work. But I don't think a work of just sensibility is enough.

SR: You've written of the development in this century of the poet-critic and the critic-poet. You yourself have done a number of critical, or scholarly, books in the past few years regarding the state of the artist in society. Do you think, on the whole, that criticism has improved in our time?

SS: A lot of criticism that's written now I simply don't understand at all. I don't understand what's meant by "structuralism," for instance, and I don't think I want to. Unless I felt that understanding, say, structuralism would help me to write, I'd rather not know about it. So I'll give it the miss; I find that I give a lot of things the miss, and ten years later everyone's stopped being interested in them anyway.

But criticism did make great contributions to our understand-

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ing. Certainly the whole school of the New Criticism did, and one learned really quite a lot from it. I'm not interested now in either writing or reading criticism at all. I don't know whether that's just personal or whether it reflects something of the present state of affairs.

PM: Did Auden encourage you to write more criticism?

SS: No, Auden was not at all interested in criticism. He wrote some himself, of course, but it was always written from an extremely personal point of view; it was a kind of commonsense criticism, multiplied by a certain zany quality of Auden himself. But I don't think he read any literary criticism.

I know very few writers who really are interested in criticism, in spite of everything that's said. Robert Graves didn't read criticism; I'm sure Yeats didn't either. I don't think Eliot read anyone else's criticism very much.

There was a time when writers had to pretend that they were interested in criticism, because the critics, especially the New Critics, were so formidable.

One does learn to read more critically, but over a long period of time. I think that I understand what Eliot was trying to do in his poetry, really through reading his criticism. So to that extent, his criticism has been helpful. Also the whole idea that poetry is the manipulation of language and that what you are doing only exists within the language itself—I think I've learned that through the analyses of people's poems made by critics.

SR: In other words, Eliot is rather an exception in writing criticism and poetry.

SS: Well, Eliot was always writing his best criticism from the point of view of a poet who was, as it were, clearing space for himself to write his poetry. In that way, his early criticism is very like the criticism you get in Keats's letters, for instance. It's the criticism of a working poet who's setting goals for himself.

SR: What is it that turned you toward those critical studies that you've done?

SS: Being in part a journalist, I have the awful habit of thinking of books that I would like to read and then I make the mistake of thinking that I can write them. For instance, *Love-Hate Relations* about American and English relations is really a very good idea for a book which someone else ought to have written, but which I wrote myself. I don't have any scholarship at all; I'm really very unscholarly. And I think that book suffers from my lack of scholarship; I'm not really

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qualified to write that sort of book. I regret that I spent so much time writing about what were quite good ideas but for which I lacked the scholarship or the intellectual stamina. I wish that if I had written criticism I'd have written first-class criticism.

PM: I admire enormously your detachment. It's genuinely professional. I like your story of Eliot's reaction to a negative review that you wrote of his work. I wish you could tell it.

SS: During the 1930s we worshipped Eliot—Auden, myself, and all our friends—but one disagreed with him often about his opinions. He wrote a very opinionated book, called *After Strange Gods,* which he himself regretted later on. It was an attack on D. H. Lawrence and various writers whom we admired, written from a very moralizing and politically reactionary point of view. It was a series of lectures delivered at the University of Virginia, where he probably thought these views would be well accepted at that time. I attacked this book—I've forgotten what I said—but then I felt very bad about my criticism and wrote to Eliot, saying that I was sorry that I felt the way I did and regretted having published the review. He wrote me back a very nice letter in which he said: "You must always write exactly what you think about me, and it makes absolutely no difference to our personal friendship." I thought that showed Eliot's very high standards. Auden once said to me that of all the older literary people whom we'd known since we were very young, Eliot was the only one who had always behaved decently and had been consistently friendly to us all through his life, and I think that was true.

PM: Did Auden also feel that whether you liked or disliked his work that it oughtn't affect your personal relationship?

SS: Oh, yes, I'm sure he'd feel that. Auden probably wouldn't approve of my writing an attack on Eliot; Auden himself really never wrote attacks on people. Maybe it was just diplomacy, but I think he felt that on the whole it wasn't worth doing. He felt, and I think there's some truth in it, that destructive criticism almost always misfires. With very few exceptions, if a thing is bad, it's better to leave it alone and not attack it.

I remember at one point when I was editing I considered asking F. R. Leavis—although he probably would have refused—to write a column every month to say what he thought about literature. Auden said, "You know, that would be an absolutely irresponsible thing to do, because Leavis is a critic who is very good on what he likes, but who is completely unfair about what he doesn't like. You would just be exposing yourself to publishing most unfair attacks on

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people." I think that on the whole Auden felt that's true of most critics.

PM: You wrote criticism of Isherwood's book, which you didn't like, and he was hurt and angered by that.

SS: I'm not quite sure that I agree with him about his belief, and I'm not even sure how far he agrees with himself. However, he believes that if you are personal friends with people, you should write only favorably about their work. If a friend writes a book that you don't like, you just shouldn't write about it. I don't absolutely agree, because it may be important to do so. One can think of controversies in the history of the arts in which an attack made by someone who was a personal friend of someone else has played a very important role. For instance, Nietzsche's attack on Wagner is marvelous and interesting, because Nietzsche was such a friend of Wagner at one time and so admired his work.

I'm not sure whether I agree with Isherwood, but I think that if there was serious reason to attack someone with whom one had a personal friendship one might want to do so. For instance, one might have attacked the whole cult of sensibility which we were talking about in Virginia Woolf. One might want to analyze it in the work of E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, and others in Bloomsbury and stage an attack on it, in spite of the fact that one had been so friendly with the people concerned.

PM: She really attacked you and MacNeice and Auden in "Letter to a Young Poet."

SS: That's right. She did, but we didn't have any resentment toward her for her having done it.

PM: You took it as a wish to be helpful, to offer "constructive criticism"?

SS: No, I don't think it was. She was fond of me, but I don't think she knew the others. No, I think that when she was alone in her study writing she said things she would not have even felt if one had been in the same room. We were absolutely unharmed by this attack, because from our point of view all that essay showed was that Virginia Woolf, great genius as she was and perceptive critic as she was, really knew nothing about modern poetry. It was the kind of attack that didn't hurt at all.

PM: But it sounds as if you are very much helped by what your friends say of your work in progress. Just as at Oxford, your group read each other's work and were critical, even so now. You write for a few people and care intensely about what they say.

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SS: I think that the only criticism which is really helpful in one's life and which usually occurs when one's very young is the criticism of a group of writers who are friends and very interested in each other's work, who even to some extent identify with one another so that one shares the sense of success of any other member of the group. In this kind of criticism, the "critic" is almost criticizing his own work in criticizing yours.

You can have groups of friends who are all absolutely lacking in any critical sense, and then the effect is disastrous, because they become a mutual admiration society, encouraging the worst tendencies in each other. I'm not sure but that the Beats weren't like that. I can't think that anyone in that group had a real understanding of what the others were doing—perhaps Ginsberg did, but I doubt it. We were very lucky because Auden was an enormously intelligent and very intellectual person. He had an intelligence comparable to that of Bertrand Russell.

SR: You've been a teacher at several points in your career. How do you approach that role?

SS: I try to understand what should be the development of the particular student. I don't treat all the students as though they are the same but try to help each student to realize the potentiality of writing the kind of thing which I feel he can write—to discover his own voice, as it were. I don't feel that everyone should be taught to do just formal verse or free verse.

I'm beginning to think that it's very important today to teach students that it's difficult to write, because they tend to think poetry is a kind of lottery and that if you write enough of it maybe some of it will be good. That's really rather how I felt when I was about sixteen. I try now to share selections of poetry with my students to show them a particular difficulty which the poet had to overcome, regardless of how easy the writing looks.

SR: You said earlier that you regret the time you invested in your critical studies. How do you feel about your tenure at *Encounter?*

SS: It was quite enjoyable, but it was rather a waste of time, really. It was playing the role of being self-important and selecting other people's work and so on. I had to work with its political editor, who was appointed by an organization called the Congress for Cultural Freedom; this meant one was always involved in a kind of fight with the political side. I always think that's a rather miserable business in a magazine when one side, representing the arts, is fighting against the other, representing politics. The politicians always think that

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theirs is the "serious" side of the magazine, on which the literature is merely so much froth. Also, as literature is supposed to be permanent and politics is day-to-day, one is always being asked to postpone publication of a poem or story, because it will be just as good in ten years' time as it is today, whereas the article on Vietnam has to be published immediately. I'm very glad to be away from that. I'd much rather be teaching.

ALBERT LIST

1901–1987

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NEW POETRY FROM ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND

Michael Longley

DETOUR

I want my funeral to include this detour
Down the single street of a small market town,
On either side of the procession such names
As Philbin, O'Malley, MacNamara, Keane.
A reverent pause to let a herd of milkers pass
Will bring me face to face with grubby parsnips,
Cauliflowers that glitter after a sunshower,
Then hay rakes, broom handles, gas cylinders.
Reflected in the slow sequence of shop windows
I shall be part of the action when his wife
Draining the potatoes into a steamy sink
Calls to the butcher to get ready for dinner
And the publican descends to change a barrel.
From behind the one locked door for miles around
I shall prolong a detailed conversation
With the man in the concrete telephone kiosk
About where my funeral might be going next.

Anne Stevenson

STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT OF VAN GOGH AFTER FRANCIS BACON

I paint the rich and the damned.
They wince and buy me.
He only painted the sun
as poor as himself.

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I live in the world of the world,
its rings of interior.
He lived in the circle of his hat
and through its gold weave
gazed at the angels
like grasshoppers in the heat.

I see the white sweep of his wings,
but I paint white paint.

I lay the whole weight of my gift
on his stooped back.

Charles Tomlinson

ODE TO DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH

I

To what far room of never-to-return
The raw brass singles out and calls us—
A tale too often told, one old already
Long before the pen of Mandelstam
Entangled itself in the Georgian's moustaches.
Those feelers found him out, and you survived
To play the fool and to applaud the play
That you must act in. Notes told less than words
And now tell more, each vast adagio dense
With the private meaning of its public sorrow.

II

You stole the Fate Motif from Wagner's *Ring*
(Great artists steal and minor merely borrow)—
Fate had declared itself as daily fact:
This day might be the allotted span. Tomorrow . . . ?
Stalin was dead. But not his heirs, and not

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The memory imprinted in the nerves, the heart.
Light-eared, light-fingered, you had earned your share
Of that absurd prestissimo from *William Tell*,
To accompany an endlessly running man
In one of the silent comedies of nightmare.

III

Inscribing score on score with your motto theme—
Mnemonic of survival, notes for a name—
"I am still here," you signal, yet once more,
And now that you no longer are, the same
Chime recurring takes on the whole of time
Out of a permanence few of us can have.
In the photograph you pass smiling to the grave.

Eavan Boland

THE GLASS KING*

When he is ready he is raised and carried
among his vaporish plants; the palms and ferns flex;
they almost bend; you'd almost think they were going to kiss him;
and so they might; but she will not, his wife,

no she can't kiss his lips in case he splinters
into a million Bourbons, mad pieces.
What can she do with him—her daft prince?
His nightmares are the Regency of France.

Yes she's been through it all, his Bavaroise,
blub-hipped and docile, urgent to be needed—
from churching to milk fever, from tongue-tied princess
to the queen of a mulish king—and now this.

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*Isabella of Bavaria married Charles VI of France in 1385. In later years his madness took the form of believing he was made from glass.

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They were each other's fantasy in youth.
No splintering at all about that mouth
when they were flesh and muscle, woman and man,
fire and kindling. See that silk divan?

Enough said. Now the times themselves
are his asylum: these are the Middle Ages, sweet
and savage era of the saving grace; indulgences
are two a penny; under the stonesmith's hand

stone turns into lace. I need his hand now.
Outside my window October soaks the stone;
you can hear it; you'd almost think
the brick was drinking it; the rowan drips

and history waits. Let it wait. I want
no elsewheres: the clover-smelling, stove-warm
air of Autumn catches cold; the year turns;
the leaves fall; the poem hesitates:

If we could see ourselves, not as we do—
in mirrors, self-deceptions, self-regardings—
but as we ought to be and as we have been:
poets, lute-stringers, makyres and abettors

of our necessary art, soothsayers of the ailment
and disease of our times, sweet singers,
truth tellers, intercessors for self-knowledge—
what would we think of these fin-de-siècle

half-hearted penitents we have become
at the sick-bed of the century: hand-wringing
elegists with an ill-concealed greed
for the inheritance?
My prince, demented

in a crystal past, a lost France, I elect you emblem
and ancestor of our lyric: it fits you like a glove—

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doesn't it?—the part; untouchable, outlandish,
esoteric, inarticulate and out of reach

of human love: studied every day by your wife,
an ordinary honest woman out of place
in all this, wanting nothing more than the man
she married, all her sorrows in her stolid face.

Blake Morrison

HIM

Like an arctic fox snapping up grounded guillemot chicks
he hangs out in the parks and wastegrounds, the id of
cities,
for time to bring her to this pretty pass.

Something has broken from the front of his mind
leaving just the back of it, a daubed cave of hunters and
hunted
where no one but these girls can be allowed.

So he waits for them, leggy like deer in their ankle socks,
loud with an innocence he takes for the lack of it,
full of themselves, full of their mums and dads.

This one especially, wet-eyed as a leveret:
at the corners of sight she flickers like a red ignition light,
coming and going in her striped neck-scarf and PVC mac.

And soon there'll be a day she peels off from the others—
a buckle to be fastened, a brooch to be gone back for—
and then will be the time to introduce himself.

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She is the special one who'll grow up in his care,
if she would only stop that screaming, if she could only
be made to understand him, but this is the only way.

Working in lines like beaters at a grouse-shoot,
we go on searching, stony among ferns and bracken,
unable to spring her from his trap.

Carol Rumens

AT THE PISKARYOVSKOYE CEMETERY*

Lines of low, wooden tents with pinched, dark openings:
We thought of Achilles, the un-sandalled heel
White and frail as an onion; charnel-houses.

We peeped for bones. But later someone said
They were just dachas for the wintering roses.
The dead, under their silver stars and sickles,

Lay deeper. How the grave-lined walk went on!
Death, the supreme totalitarian,
Seemed challenged by an equal, magnified,

Pumped full of windy light and soaring concrete:
Only the kitsch temples gathered the shades
Into their smaller, denser, human forms.

---

*This cemetery is a memorial to the Leningrad citizens who died during the Nazi blockade, 1941-42. Tanya Savicheva was a ten-year-old girl who kept a siege diary, noting down the deaths of her family, one by one, until she was the only survivor. The italicized line quotes her last words.

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The school-parties pressed in silent queues.
We stared and stared at a little fist of bread
—The daily ration for 900 days—

Next, a diary. Were there secrets, still,
In the shocked outpost that had been a city?
There was no light, no fuel and barely food;

The prosperous Savichevs were dying out.
But Tanya, keeping faith with civilisation,
Had dipped her listless, careful pen for each.

As famine cancelled, she redeemed, preserving
Loss on loss, till the last echoless name.
Everyone's died. Only Tanya's left.

We turned away, as her rescuers had turned,
Finding her too long-starved to be revived;
Left the neocropolis for the open park,

Wanting that deeper reticence of snow
—The Baltic winter's light memorial.
In moments, we were floundering, soaked and laughing,

High-kicking like joke-soldiers through the drifts
To storm the silver woods, our boots foaming.
We came to a pool, clear, quivering, iceless,

Where girlish trees, embarrassed, seemed to step
Gracefully back, not liking to admit
How passionately they'd dwelt on their reflections.

We snapped the immaculate cliché: Russian birches.
Were the city's chains melting as we listened?
Ice crept and slid, but the lost weight of the starving

Blew from the camps like dust: who'd count its grains?
Music kept drifting towards us, vague, heroic.
Spring called the flesh-soft buds to dance and blaze.

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C. H. Sisson

SONNET

Read me or not: I am nobody
For myself as for others, and so true:
If only it were also so with you
Every accommodation would be easy.
But so it is not, for what we see
Assumes as we look the mask of who,
Doing convincingly what others do:
So you become yourself without falsity.
Or so it seems. But when delusion stirs
It dreams of a mask, of his or hers,
And so must you. Where is the truth in that?
And you who read me read nothing or, worse,
What you make out for yourself, some borrowed features.
Who is what you say but I answer, What?

Fleur Adcock

MY FATHER

When I got up that morning I had no father.
I know that now. I didn't suspect it then.
They drove me through the tangle of Manchester
to the station, and I pointed to a sign:

"Hulme" it said—though all I saw was a rubbled
wasteland, a walled-off dereliction, "Hulme—
that's where they lived" I said, "my father's people.
It's nowhere now." I coughed in the traffic fumes.

Hulme and Medlock. A quarter of a mile
to nowhere, to the names of some nothing streets

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beatified in my family history file,
addresses on birth and marriage certificates:

Back Clarence Street, Hulme; King Street (but which one?);
One-in-Four Court, Chorlton-upon-Medlock.
Meanwhile at home on my answering machine
a message from New Zealand: please ring back.

In his day it was factory smoke, not petrol,
that choked the air and wouldn't let him eat
until, the first day out from Liverpool,
sea air and toast unlocked his appetite.

He took up eating then, at the age of ten—
too late to cancel out the malnutrition
of years and generations. A small man,
though a tough one. He'll have needed a small coffin.

I didn't see it; he went to it so suddenly,
too soon, with both his daughters so far away:
a box of ashes in Karori Cemetery,
a waft of smoke in the clean Wellington sky.

Even from here it catches in my throat
as I puzzle over the Manchester street-plan,
checking the index, magnifying the net
of close-meshed streets in M2 and M1.

Not all the city's motorways and high-rise.
There must be roads that I can walk along
and know they walked there, even if their houses
have vanished like the cobble-stones—that throng

of Adcocks, Eggingtons, Joynsons, Lamberts, Listers.
I'll go to look for where they were born and bred.
I'll go next month; we'll both go, I and my sister.
We'll tell him about it, when he stops being dead.

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Craig Raine

LYRIC

This song is set in the future.

Unjustified, with musicroot,
this lettertalk locates in when.

A bee and a gee are stretching
their feeders from sounder to sounder.
Which arrowequals juicebars
from the snowvault man.
Our walkers go in petalgoo.

The wordscan has no word for us.

But braindark brings
the sound of sounds
which say

that we are
lingerlost in firefeel.

Medbh McGuckian

LIGHTHOUSE WITH DEAD LEAVES

I was dissecting the brain of a child when I cut
My less than agile finger.
(One should keep aside
A pair of loose, black, cotton gloves
For shaking hands with children.)

When the blood ran to its sleeping places,
What dreams returned or were allowed to grow?

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As if a ship that opened her planks
To the carpentry of the sea,
Became a thinking fog in which
All wounds began to glow,
And lighthouses sprang to mind.

Dead leaves and water, maybe he recollected
Walking two miles in the rain to wave goodbye,
And walking into the sky.
Like an outswollen shoe
That fits inside another, or
Swans that but appear
To be dancing to music,
So his love-nest is creeping over me,
Is keeping me amused
Till I am three girls or the same girl
Leading him, a figure no longer
Dreamt about, nor dreaming,
But partner to me like a ruptured seed.

I have locked my bedroom door from the inside,
And do not expect it to be mutilated.
My garb is chosen for a dry journey,
Sleep will be a line of trees searching for this stable
I would have left to rot if I'd been able.

Douglas Oliver

SNOWDONIA AT A DISTANCE

Snowdonia water falls in a memory
of mountains behind misted windows.

Betraying no-one who cannot still receive our love,
we lived among clefts of shadow

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where justice seemed weakness, divisive not uniting,
though the fact matter is

each other but remaining in our own valleys.
We were not unaffected I wasn't neither I think were you.

Once more, for perhaps the fifth time in our lives
we geared into each other going together apart,

your broken scythe
hip-bones walking within me.

Then, distance, and the mountain ridge whose snow
hung from two dry hips.

Nowadays, wiping the window, I see Paris:
it has cost so much money to be peaceful

and this peace can be robbed from me
if someone within me moves against me far off.

Thank God you are no stasis, no far ridge,
but have broken down into the potential of kindness,

never more separate, you never younger,
now so much is asked of you continually,

you in the marshlands of our middle-age,
me, wiping Paris windows, seeing again mountains.

Alison Fell

CORNFIELD WITH SKYLARK

Close up. Coins
stirred in the wet
of a cafe table

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luminously, a blotched
letter:
My dear generous Theo

Long shot. The North
Sea shouldering
at sluice-gates:

Holland, where windows
measure wealth
and the sun

is thin as scorn. Perhaps
it is as his father
said

all
he accumulates
is lack

(the black eyes
of the cornflower stars,
roar

of the sun in his head,
the sinless sky
circling the bright

wheat,
the church tower tortured
or rejoicing)

Close up. Coins,
a letter:
this one for blood-

money, this
for the magpies

with their stolen
bitter news

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(fallen
cherry-blossom, the gutters
are steep screes of it)

Michael Hofmann

UP IN THE AIR

The sky was breaking, and I felt little less numb
than the alcoholic devotedly spooning
pâté from a tub; than the divorcee's station wagon
with its dog-haired sheepskin dogseat;
or the birds barking in the trees to greet the day. . . .

There was a grey heron standing on a green bank.
'Soul survivors' spilled out of the *Titanic*
in their once-fluorescent sailing whites.
You only live once. The record sang "My Girl,"
but that was a lie. She only shucked my cigarette packet,

as she danced before my eyes like the alphabet,
mostly like the letter A. . . . I was Ajax,
I had stolen another man's captive, slaughtered sheep
like a maniac, counted my friends till
I fell asleep, now I would have to swim for it

in the greasy, yellow, woollen waves. . . .
The bass drum went like a heart, there was a pillow
curled in the bottom of it for anchorage.
Our finger-joints shook in the free air,
sheep's knuckle-bones dicing for the seamless garment.

Three hours flat out on the hotel candlewick,
blunting my creases, then off to the airport
with its complement of tiny, specialised, ministering
vehicles. I sat over the wing, rivetted, wary,
remembering ring fingers and flying kites.

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Jay Martin

THE FICTIONAL TERRORIST

"What a glorious opportunity for a man to immortalize himself by killing Abraham Lincoln!" John Wilkes Booth exclaimed two years before committing that very crime. In planning the assassination, he insisted that Lincoln should be killed in a theater, where Booth could jump upon the stage shouting *Sic semper tyrannis,* just as Brutus had done when Julius Caesar was killed. For him, long before Chapman and Hinckley, assassination was performance. Other contemporary killers have frequently expressed the idea that fame was the motive that spurred them on. "They can gas me, but I am famous," exulted Sirhan Sirhan. "I have achieved in one day what it took Robert Kennedy all his life to do." From Booth to Sirhan, terrorists and assassins have murdered as a way of seizing their victims' lives and turning them into identities of their own. And the process is very evident in numerous more recent terrorist activities.

In Vienna, for instance, in December 1975, a young, heavyset man scans a group of powerful OPEC oil ministers with his automatic pistol. He wears a Basque beret, below which flows long, curly hair, ending in wide sideburns that reach his jawline. His mustache curves down to a thin goatee. The whole effect is reminiscent of Che Guevara, the famous tactician of the Cuban Revolution. The man has a way of turning his face and displaying his profile, for from the side he does resemble Guevara. He certainly dresses in a manner, too, that calls attention to himself. In addition to the beret, badge of the Basque separatists, he wears an open white trenchcoat over a brown leather jacket. It is easy to signal for silence with his gun, and when he has the stage, he says melodramatically: "I am the famous Carlos."

This man calling himself Carlos was named and committed at birth to the role of a Marxist revolutionary, and so he grew up in a role and with a drama to play out. His father, a Venezuelan com-

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munist lawyer who became wealthy through real estate speculation, named each of his three sons after Lenin: Vladimir, Illyich, and Nickolai. Illyich Ramirez Sanchez, later to be called "Carlos," was educated according to a terrorist script. Pampered in his pleasures during childhood, he was later sent by his father to Cuba to be schooled by a KGB expert, then to Moscow's Patrice Lumumba University, and he eventually had his education refined by Arab instructors in a Palestinian camp in the Middle East.

On the surface, such instruction is, of course, deadly serious, "real" in any sense of the term. On the other hand, part of the education of the terrorist inclines him or her toward fiction; for the terrorist must be motivated by his own fictions, as well as learning to manipulate the fantasies of others. As the psychoanalyst Frederick J. Hacker has written, "Many terrorist acts are demonstratively theatrical, carefully staged and choreographed for maximal dramatic impact. The emphasis on intimidation and publicity blurs the distinction between falsehood and truth, guilt and innocence, show and reality; the terrorist show is the reality and the provocative scandal."

Brian Jenkins, research analyst in terrorism at the Rand Corporation and advisor to the U.S. State Department on political conspiracy and violence, phrased this more succinctly: "Terrorism is theater." He argues convincingly that this is so because "terrorism is aimed at the people watching," usually on television, "not at the actual victims." The most striking example of terrorism conceived, planned, and executed so as to achieve maximum theatrical effect occurred on September 5, 1972, when eight Black September terrorists galvanized an estimated eight hundred million spectators by taking eleven Israeli athletes hostage at the Olympic Games in Munich. While the declared demand was that the hostages be exchanged for two hundred detained Palestinians, that concrete object was far less important than the psychological effects aimed at. One Arab terrorist explained:

> We recognize that sport is the modern religion of the Western world. We knew that the people of England and America would switch their television sets from any programme about the plight of the Palestinians if there was a sporting event on another channel. So we decided to use the Olympics, the most sacred ceremony of this religion, to make the world pay attention to us. We offered up human sacrifices to your gods of sport and television. And they answered our prayers. From Munich onwards nobody could ignore the Palestinians or their cause.

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Illyich Ramirez Sanchez was nearing the end of his education in terrorism at the time of the Munich games, and he keenly grasped the lessons which it offered. When he organized and carried out the OPEC kidnapping, he clearly dressed for the part and had his lines ready. He had already taken a stage name, borrowing "Carlos" from the famous Brazilian theorist of terror, Carlos Marighella, the author of *Handbook of Urban Guerrilla Warfare,* who had been killed in 1969. Carlos was perhaps the first terrorist who understood that publicity, public exposure, and a recognizable presence all offered him benefits. The greater he grew in legend, the more powerful he became. He took command in the OPEC episode by announcing grandly to one of the ministers, "You will have heard of me already. I am the famous Carlos. You can tell that to the others."

At least so far as Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky was concerned, Carlos's strategy worked perfectly—almost too well. Hearing that the ministers were held by "the famous Carlos," Kreisky was at once beset by visions of a bloodbath that would lose for Austria its reputation as a safe international conference center, and he instantly capitulated to Carlos's demands. "This Carlos is very dangerous," Kreisky said nervously. "We have heard much about him and his ruthless methods. In my opinion, we have to go along with him."

Kreisky moved so fast that Carlos felt he might be cheated out of his media show; he insisted on staying in the OPEC headquarters long enough for the television cameramen to reach the scene. He was imperious, grandiose in his sense of power. "I am the commander here," he told the negotiator. "I command Kreisky and everybody else. Nobody can tell me what to do."

Later, as he moved the hostages around the world by plane, he spent long hours spinning the yarn of his life for the benefit of Sheikh Zaki Yamani, presenting himself as a romantic playboy, beloved of women, rather like a James Bond turned terrorist. He moved around the plane in amiable, friendly fashion, chatting with his prisoners. Like Hinckley at St. Elizabeth's, he gave out autographs. "Flight Vienna to Algeria, 22-12-75, Carlos," he wrote for the minister from Nigeria. The Venezuelan oil minister, Valentin Hernandez Acosta, put it flatly: "At one moment Carlos acted like a determined killer"; at the next, "He acted like a movie star." When he was not allowed to have his plane taxied to the spot reserved for Colonel Qaddafi at the Tripoli airport, he was furious, convinced that he was not being given "the proper honor." His most valued prize was yet one more—always one more—occasion for theater.

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The Day of the Jackal, one of the best-known thriller novels by Frederick Forsyth, became an international best-seller and was made into a motion picture. Whether Carlos acquired the name "the Jackal" after the main character in that book by his own instigation or because of British journalists, followed by the world press, is not clear; but the instinct to see this man through yet one more fictive screen was perfectly sound: Lenin, Carlos Marighella, Forsyth—each contributed a fragment to the identity of this man.

The emphasis upon theatricality in terrorist activity has several consequences for hostages as well. Placed in a position of dependence and usually convinced that death will soon occur, the hostage naturally begins to see the terrorist as powerful and hopes, unconsciously, to find in him evidences of kindness, idealism, and good intentions. Thus, subtly, but very quickly, the hostage begins to construct a fiction in which the terrorist and his cause have merit, while the authorities, opponents of the terrorist, begin to seem ill-intentioned, weak, even malicious. During the OPEC takeover, Carlos took Sheikh Yamani separately into an office, and "in a polite and quiet manner . . . assured me of his esteem. . . I was listening [with gratitude] to his words, which were so incredible to me. But soon afterwards, I was to be confronted with the bitter reality of truth when he said, 'Despite our respect for you we are compelled to kill you.'" Fear, followed by gratitude, furthered by feelings of impotence accompanied by anger at the authorities who may not accede to the terrorist's demands are all present here. Then, to top it off, the terrorist made his appeal: "Carlos continued by saying that it was his desire that I should not harbor any hatred or bitterness against them for their intentions to kill me, and that, indeed, he expected a man of my intelligence to understand their noble aims and purposes."

What Carlos had done was to place Yamani in a vulnerable state in which the authorities seemed the enemies, and then he urged him to identify with the terrorists. In brief, this is the psychological formula lying behind what FBI agent Conrad Hansel and psychiatrist Frank M. Ochberg have named the "Stockholm Syndrome," after the place where its dynamics were first discerned. During a bank robbery in Stockholm in 1974, a bank employee named Kristen declared herself in love with the robber and publicly castigated the Swedish prime minister for his failure to understand her captor's point of view. Even after the ordeal Kristen professed to feel enduring affection for him.

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This process, which has occurred over and over again, certainly depends upon identification—but not identification with the actual terrorist or his stated cause and real grievances; rather, the victim projects and then identifies with his or her own fictions, or with the fictions offered to him by the terrorist (Carlos's "noble aims and purposes"), with the result that identification takes place with the fictions of the captors. Into the nexus of fictions, moreover, flow all the other fictions available to the victim—from books, films, television, movies, comic strips, and so on—the cliché-ridden debris of cultural fictions.

Undoubtedly, the most notorious and widely publicized occurrence of this sort was the kidnapping and subsequent conversion to terrorism of Patricia Campbell (Patty) Hearst, daughter of Randolph Hearst. Hearst was extremely wealthy, but more important, controlled a large chain of newspapers. Kidnapping Patty, then, was not just taking any young woman prisoner, but taking an important sector of the media hostage. Patty's grandfather, William Randolph Hearst, had been a pioneer in "yellow journalism"—sensationalizing facts via fiction. Now a small group of urban guerrillas calling themselves the Symbionese Liberation Army went all the way with sensational myth-making. "The media princess," Frederick J. Hacker writes, "was a prize catch. Her possession guaranteed that the terrorists' print-in-full requirements would be carried out with utmost accuracy, thereby elevating a small, anonymous, insignificant group to the status of a strong, internationally known, and feared army." This is to say, the SLA remained the same, but the fictions attached to the group changed. This had real consequences in the final confrontation between the SLA and the police, when the police acted with a force appropriate to that for subduing a large, well-equipped, professionally expert army, instead of the handful of semi-professional activists they faced.

It had consequences, too, for Patty. Dragged out of her Berkeley apartment kicking and screaming, Patty soon appeared transformed into another person, one created by her captors, but also driven by her own vague, romantic fictions of revolution, rags and tags of images that she had picked up in Berkeley and doubtless, even from her own family's newspapers. On April 15, 1974, she was filmed in the act of robbing a bank. She soon emerged, in her new identity, with a new name, Tania, meant to identify her with Che Guevara's Russian girlfriend. The leader of the SLA, Donald DeFreeze, had been "born again" and had taken a new name, "Cin-

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que," after a leader of a slave rebellion; but he also dressed in the manner of Che. On tape recordings, Patty spoke a new language: referring to the putrid disease of "fucked up" bourgeois thinking and to all authorities, even her "former" family, as "pigs and fascists." She proclaimed her passionate love for Cujo, one of the SLA members.

Initially kidnapped, Patty, when arrested five hundred and ninety-one days later, was as intent upon eluding the authorities as she would have once been in evading her kidnappers. A friend who talked to her said that she seemed "very different, dazed and disoriented." She was still Tania, still living in her acquired fictions. In her case, what started as a real event soon became riddled with fictions and ended as a full-blown media event, culminating in hundreds of articles, nearly a score of books, and several movies devoted to enshrining the episode as the newest subgenre of romance.

Patricia Campbell Hearst's book, *Every Secret Thing,* her own account (written with Alvin Moscow) of her life in the SLA, gives a vivid, if too often self-justifying account of the way that a set of convincing fictions can drive reality, especially the reality of one's own identity, out of consciousness. Several episodes in the book merit examination.

Shortly after Patty was allowed to leave the closet in which she had been isolated, "Field Marshall" Cinque lined up the people in the apartment. When he came to Hearst he barked: "Who are you?" She was bewildered.

> I did not have the slightest idea of what he was talking about or what he wanted.
>
> "I said, 'Who are you? Who are you?'" he hissed.
>
> "I don't know what you mean."
>
> "You're a guerilla fighter! You're a soldier in the Symbionese Liberation Army. Now you say it. I'll ask you again: 'Who are you?'"
>
> "I am a guerilla fighter, a soldier in the Symbionese Liberation Army," I declared as fiercely as I could.
>
> "Good," said he. "Now you remember that!"

Her reeducation had begun. She was being told that her identity existed in her association with a group. But the group itself had no natural existence. It was a purely artificial construct, with innumerable invented rituals, rules, mythologies, guiding principles, symbols, hierarchies, history, and so on, a great mélange of fiction

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and clichés derived and imitated from a wide variety of sources. Immediately following this exchange, Patty is taught "the SLA salute, which was a clenched fist thumped over and away from the heart." Here she began to acquire the fictions that eventually were to displace her own identity.

Each member of the SLA was given a special name, another ritual meant to indicate that the old personal identity had been obliterated. Hearst tells how this occurred in her case.

> Cin also christened me with my revolutionary name in the SLA. It came casually and caught me by surprise. He simply announced: "We got to come up with a new name for you." He thought for not more than a moment or so and then added: "We're going to call you Tania. She was a guerilla, a wonderful guerilla fighter with Che Guevara in Bolivia." He handed me a book and said, "Here, you read this and you'll see she was right on." The book was *Tania: The Unforgettable Guerilla,* and I immediately started to flip through the pages. I vastly preferred to read a book by myself than to be forced into any of their more strenuous activities.

This renaming has a vaguely mythological quality to it, as if by taking the name of a deceased heroine, one could acquire some of her strength or dedication. On a more practical level, Patty is asked directly to read, identify with, and imitate a fiction.

By the time she was apprehended by the FBI, she had absorbed a wholly new identity, based on imitation of radical fictions. Her thoughts as she was brought to the FBI headquarters where the press was waiting were purely: how should a "revolutionary" act? What gestures should a "revolutionary" make? What radical models are appropriate?

> As the flashbulbs went off in my face, I remembered the press pictures of Susan Saxe, a revolutionary who had recently been arrested, and like her, I smiled broadly and raised a clenched fist in salute. This is how I'm supposed to act now, I thought. Those pictures would show me being taken off to a fascist concentration camp, like a true revolutionary. I had a role to play and I knew my part well.

At this time, she says, she felt "as though I were outside everything, floating through a surrealistic Jean Cocteau film." The whole por-

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trayal of her identity looks as if it were being directed by someone else, and her actions are based upon a script composed for her: she is merely an actress.

Before her trial, she had a psychiatric evaluation and was described as having suffered a "traumatic neurosis with dissociative features" caused by powerful "coercive manipulation by her captors." The well-known psychoanalyst, Dr. Robert J. Lifton, pronounced her "a classic case" of mental coercion, resembling that of prisoners of war. As the trial showed, Hearst was not the only one caught up in fictions, however, "It was the media image of me on trial," she remarked. Perhaps she *was,* at last, only a media image. Certainly the media helped to keep her a fiction.

During the last decade the FBI has increasingly used undercover agents against drug dealers, terrorist groups, racketeers, and others. These agents begin by constructing identities, learning roles, playing at perspectives upon reality different from their own. Physical danger is present, of course; but by the early 1980s a greater danger was showing up with sufficient regularity that FBI officials were moved to commission a study of the problem: many agents, once having assumed a false identity, found it difficult, if not impossible, to shed the fictions after the undercover assignment was completed. The false role became the true self. In 1983, FBI Director William H. Webster sent a memo to field supervisors warning them to be on the lookout for personality changes in undercover agents. The very same elements of personality that make an agent able to play a part are the ones that make it difficult for him or her to shed the role.

A few examples are sufficient to show the problem in a clear light. Between 1982 and 1983, FBI agent Dan A. Mitrone began an undercover investigation of narcotics smuggling at the Fort Lauderdale, Florida, airport. Set up as an expert on debugging under the name of Don Micelli, Mitrone made numerous contacts with airline pilots who were concerned about eavesdropping on their smuggling activities. Eventually, however, Mitrone conspired with an informer to close a big cocaine deal, from which he himself netted $850,000. So, finally, Mitrone himself, the undercover agent, was the only criminal caught in the covert operation. He had gotten trapped in his fictions and then acted them out. Convicted of drug dealing and bribery, Mitrone, his wife says, "doesn't know why he acted the way he did. The only thing he said was . . . 'It wasn't me . . . I had to try so hard to be this guy [Micelli] that it wasn't me.'"

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An even more dramatic instance of the way a fictive identity can get fixed, even in a personality that chooses it, involved another FBI agent, Pat Livingston. As "Pat Salamone," he posed as a hustler interested in dealing in pornography in the Miami area. The requirements of the role were heavy. Six months passed before the suspicious Mafia men who were the operation's targets were convinced of "Salamone's" and his partner's "legitimacy." Anthony M. DeStefano, a journalist who followed the case, writes:

> For nearly three years, the pair acted their roles, eating in expensive restaurants, jetting coast to coast for sex-film conventions, palling around with mobsters and picking up women. . . . Mr. Livingston came to know his targets not only as suspects but also as ordinary men with conventional hopes and concerns for their families and their business ventures.
>
> In 1981, the "Miporn" (or Miami pornography) investigation ended with the indictment of 45 persons for conspiring to ship pornographic books and films around the country. But even during the euphoria of success, Mr. Livingston couldn't relinquish "Pat Salamone." He continued to visit his old bars, bookmakers and various hangers-on he had come to know, even though most by then knew he was an FBI agent, says Miami lawyer William Brown, a friend of Mr. Livingston. "He maintained a bank account of Pat Salamone, a driver's license, and was making out he was very happy to be known as Pat Salamone," Mr. Brown says.

After this case was completed, Livingston returned to his home office in Lexington, Kentucky, where he took another undercover assignment, using the name and identity of "Pat Salamone." Not long after, he was arrested for shoplifting, and identified himself as Pat Salamone. Eventually, he was fired by the FBI.

The greatest terrorist of modern times was certainly Joseph Stalin. In the first volume of his biography of Stalin, *Stalin As Revolutionary,* Robert C. Tucker gives a stunning example of how a neurotic character structure developed in Stalin, how it influenced his career as a revolutionary, and how it profoundly affected the whole of Russian society following Stalin's consolidation of his power after the death of Lenin. Moreover, in a recent essay, "A Stalin Biographer's Memoir," Tucker has written a personal account of how he came to understand Stalin's neuroses as—in my phrase—that of fictive personality.

Tucker was a member of the diplomatic corps from 1945 to

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1953. At the time that the final statement of Karen Horney's psychoanalytic views was published in her 1950 book *Neurosis and Human Growth,* Tucker was serving in the American embassy in Moscow. Horney's understanding of neurosis involved her in developmental considerations. She argued that a person who experiences significant emotional distress in early life is likely to develop a "basic anxiety" that remains fearful even after the events which caused the early distress have ceased. As a defense against "basic anxiety," the person may form an "idealized image" of himself or herself—that is to say, the child creates a fiction, a superman image, of his perfection. If the inner pressure of anxiety continues over a long duration, this self-idealizing defense will gradually evolve into an "idealized self," an image and imaginary or fictive identity—*not* the real identity, but a fiction of one. What Horney calls the "search for glory" consists of the attempt to force the world to acknowledge the "idealized self" as the real self.

Horney, then, is describing the creation of a rigid self as a protection against basic fear. Such a self, if it is to be truly protective, can have no flaws, no human limitations. The shield must be invulnerable. Others must also accept and adore the "idealized self," or the protection is threatened. But others, whose adulation is so desperately needed, must also be scorned. *They* are fallible, merely human, potential adulators, but otherwise insignificant. The "idealized self" is a grandiose conception. The "idealized self" is right; all others are wrong—and their errors are threatening to the perfect world that could be created should the idealized self attain the power to suppress others and have its own way. The self-hatred and fears that are repressed and disavowed by self-idealization inevitably are projected onto others—they, in their humanness, are to be hated; they are to be feared. To protect itself fully, Horney writes, the idealized self must achieve a "vindictive triumph" over any persons who might in some way question the supremacy of the idealized self and its values.

Tucker applied this thesis to the cult of personality that formed around Stalin. "What if," he asked himself, "the idealized image of Stalin, appearing day after day in the party-controlled, party-supervised press, were *an idealized self in Horney's sense*?" Stalin would then be like many other neurotics, except that he possessed political power unprecedented in history. "In that case, the Stalin cult must reflect Stalin's own monstrously inflated vision of himself as the greatest genius of Russian and world history. The cult must be an

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institutionalization of his neurotic character structure." Things fell into place. Stalin's ruthless suppression of colleagues, his infusion of himself into all institutions of Soviet society, his inability to tolerate dissent, all pointed to a drive toward mastery through the elimination of all values but his own. He had, Tucker concluded, used his enormous power to gain almost total control, mobilizing the resources of a totalitarian state to repress his "enemies," to scorn mere human claims, and to install himself as the central ideal and all-wise hero of an entire society.

To defend against a basic dread, young Stalin learned to make a fiction about himself. Then, during the revolution, he found a body of materials by which he could shape himself: the writings of Marx, Lenin, and others, along with the romance of the revolution, all gave him purpose and an image of himself as powerful, so special a person that he could help to overthrow a czar and then replace Lenin, the father of the revolution. Thus the boy Josif Dzhugashvili, subjected to a dismal early life and repeatedly beaten by his drunken father, found a new family in communism and a new family name, "Stalin," man of steel. He would rescue Russia from victimization by the czar, as if the czar were a bad drunken father who beat his children. But beneath the defenses provided by the fictions of "The Revolutionary" still festered the old anxiety, self-doubts, anger at authority, and hatred of rivals that led to the young Stalin's anger in the first place.

This indeed, was Nikita Khrushchev's view as expressed in his secret report to the Twentieth Party Congress, printed in *The New York Times* as "On the Cult of Personality and Its Consequences." In this document Khrushchev depicted Stalin as grandiose, insecure, subject to rages, requiring continuous reassurance, arrogant but uncertain, insatiably hungry for glory yet scorning those from whom he received it. In Khrushchev's view, Stalin's drive to self-glorification and his frequent purges were but two sides of the same character structure. In the drama of The Revolution, a young man who had been terrorized as a boy found a heroic position for himself and a way of punishing, by proxy, those who had tyrannized him. But his fiction still carried the old fright, and was transformed into the terrorization of others.

The best exploration of the processes involved in the diffusion of an old identity by infusion of the fictions of a new identity in terrorism is in John le Carré's novel *The Little Drummer Girl.* As le Carré's foreword makes clear, the novel was based on extensive

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firsthand research in Israel, Sidon, Beirut, and the Palestinian training camps at Rashidiyeh and Nabatiyeh. The novel concerns a young English actress, Charmian (probably after Jack London's famous wife, but also alluding to "chameleon"), or "Charlie." She is a good actress precisely because she has a weak sense of self. The stories that she tells about herself are pure inventions of her sense of theatrical appropriateness. She allies her own history with the major fictions of her time—she has played at being "a militant pacifist, a sufist, a nuclear marcher, an anti-vivisectionist, and . . . a champion of campaigns to eliminate tobacco from the underground." An acquaintance of hers says: "Actors don't have *opinions,* my dear chap, still less do actresses. They have moods. Fads. Poses. Twenty-four hour passions. . . . Actors are absolute suckers for dramatic solutions. For all I know, by the time you get her out there, she'll be Born Again!" He went further and showed how actors "were pursued by 'an absolute *horror* of unreality.' How on stage they acted out all the agonies of man, and off stage were hollow vessels waiting to be filled."

An Israeli special forces anti-terrorist team recruits Charlie with the special goal of filling her emptiness with a new role. Their aim is to locate and kill a wily Palestinian terrorist. For Charlie they construct an elaborate drama in which she "becomes" the girl friend of the terrorist's brother; the special forces team compose a history of their love affair, complete with love letters between them. She is "filled up" with a complete set of political advocacies, acquaintances, a lover, and a mission. As Kurtz, the head of the Israeli team, tells her, she is being given a role in "the theater of the real." She takes in her new fictive identifications so readily that they do indeed become part of her identity—they *are* her identity, she becomes her fictions, for they are as real as anything else in her life has been.

Near the end of the novel, having passed all the tests by which the Palestinians confirm for themselves that her fictive identity is real, she makes contact with the terrorist, Khalil. "He was everything she had imagined when she was trying to turn him into somebody she was looking forward to meeting." Together they assemble a bomb, which she is scheduled to use in an assassination.

> "You are nervous?" Khalil asks.
>
> "Yes."
>
> "It's natural. I too am nervous. Are you nervous in the theater?"

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> "Yes."
>
> "It is the same. Terror is theater. We inspire. We frighten, we awaken indignation, anger, love. We enlighten. The theater also. The guerilla is the great actor of the world."

Toward the book's end, after the bombing, "It was the worst play she had ever been in," she thinks.

After Khalil is killed, Charlie is given brief psychiatric care at a sanitarium, along with new fictions to explain her absence from London and the large sum of money she has acquired. Then she is returned to the theater. But the tragic plays make her cry in panic, and the comedies seem wholly irrelevant. She is stuck, and neither reality nor other fictions will do for her.

Charlie is an actress, a good one, but not a great one. She is good because she can so easily adopt whatever role is offered to her, but not great because her own identity is insufficient. That prevents her from powerfully infusing an authentic personality of her own into her roles. Terrorists, on the other hand, are not "real" actors, but actors in the theater of the real. They play out fictions in a truly dangerous way—for themselves and for others. Their stage is the daily newspaper, where the strange, terrifying, brutal fictions of our time have their terrible scripts and violent denouements.

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Peter Loewenberg

ANALYSIS TERMINABLE AND INTERMINABLE

Freud's late paper, "Analysis Terminable and Interminable," written two years before his death, is the place where he is most skeptical regarding the therapeutic efficacy of psychoanalysis, where he recommended reanalysis "at intervals of every five years or so" for every analyst. He suggested that when analysis has not achieved its goal of curing neuroses by ensuring control over instinctual drives, it is nevertheless "always right in theory but not always right in practice." This is the pessimistic piece in which Freud considers and rejects the efficacy of prophylactic analysis. Conflicts must be current and active to be treated. Potential conflicts, which are not at the time manifest, should not be stirred up in the name of "therapeutic ambition." If a conflict is not currently active, if it is not in evidence, it cannot be influenced by analysis. Freud firmly sets limits to the therapeutic power of analytic therapy. Here, he explicitly settled accounts with Otto Rank and the pretensions of brief psychoanalysis. He also, gently but firmly, dismissed the "therapeutic experiments" of Sandor Ferenczi, "which, unhappily, proved to be [in] vain."

In this essay, written in early 1937 and published in June, when he was eighty-one years old, we again appreciate Freud the great stylist, who, in phrases which ring in the mind of every analyst, gives us lessons in technique and wisdom for life. I will cite only a few. In a discussion of the subtleties of fixing a time limit in analysis, he used vivid kinesthetic imagery of the hunt and the kill: "A lion only springs once." We hear also a comforting stoicism, which serves as reassurance, in his reminder that analysis is the third of the "impossible" professions—the others being education and government—in which one can be sure beforehand of achieving unsatisfying results. His healthy skepticism regarding therapeutic ambition should serve as a warning to those who must idealize psychoanalysis:

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"One ought not to be surprised if it should turn out in the end that the difference between a person who has not been analysed and the behaviour of a person after he has been analysed is not so thoroughgoing as we aim at making it." The aim of analysis remains not to achieve a presumed and prescribed "normalcy"—but, as Freud so elegantly said over four decades earlier, to better arm the person to deal with the common unhappiness of life.

In 1937 Freud put it in terms of ego functions, coping mechanisms, and adaptation:

> Our aim will not be to rub off every peculiarity of human character for the sake of a schematic "normality," nor yet to demand that the person who has been "thoroughly analyzed" shall feel no passions and develop no internal conflicts. The business of the analysis is to secure the best possible psychological conditions for the functions of the ego; with that it had discharged its task.

To achieve this strengthened ego the analysand must make internalizations from the analyst's ego and superego. The analyst, said Freud, "in certain analytic situations . . . can act as a model for his patient and in others as a teacher." Depending on one's orientation, one may view such a statement as "unanalytic," or as a precursor to certain current modes of cognitive rational-emotional therapy which derive more from Freud than their originators are willing to credit to him.

Here, as so often with Freud, we find early statements of what are later to be elaborated concepts of clinical theory and technique. For example, we find the "real relationship" of the analyst and analysand recognized:

> Not every good relation between an analyst and his subject during and after analysis was to be regarded as a transference; there were also friendly relations which were based on reality and which proved to be viable.

We also see ego psychology strongly in place in Freud's meta-psychology, with the ego as the arena for "mastering the *internal* danger before it has become an *external* one."

How to explain Freud's therapeutic pessimism at this time in his life and in the history of psychoanalysis? By the late 1930s, he

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had experience with a variety of categories of intractible cases that were not amenable to psychoanalysis, such as character disorders, homosexuality, addiction, and what today we call borderline and narcissistic personalities. While Freud's clinical experience certainly played an important role in the origins of "Analysis Terminable and Interminable," we must also examine the personal and historical setting in which Freud wrote, to take the full measure of the sources of his skepticism and dejection in the late 1930s.

The deteriorating state of his health would have been reason enough for Freud's pessimism in 1937, even if the external world had been unthreatening and peaceful. The previous year was marked by an escalation of the frequency of surgical interventions to control his oral cancer. On July 16, 1936, Freud had his first documented cancerous recurrence since the initial excision of 1923. The dreaded diagnosis of epithelial carcinoma had, as Sharon Romm puts it, "a ring of finality." A surgical procedure under novacaine on December 12, 1936 was a rare instance where Freud could not bear the pain. His surgeon, Hans Pichler, recorded in his notes: "At the beginning patient had no pain whatsoever, but toward the end he said that he could not stand any more, although it is hard to tell just why." Freud was now in the final phase of his long battle with cancer of the mouth, and he was aware of it. On April 22, 1937 for the first time he had an excision performed while under a general anesthesia. This was the immediate, personal, and painful setting of the composition of "Analysis Terminable and Interminable." Whereas analysis may be interminable and Freud's self-analysis lasted his whole life, he was now, consciously, in the terminal phase of life.

Let us look at the historical setting in which Freud wrote "Analysis Terminable and Interminable." The mid-1930s were relatively optimistic, though not quiet, years on the international scene. It is true that Mussolini successfully waged an imperialistic war against Ethiopia in the face of world opinion. In March 1936 the Germans remilitarized the Rhineland. The Spanish Civil War began in July 1936 with Italian and German support for the Nationalists, and Russian aid to the Republic. The Western powers followed a policy of non-intervention in Spain. The expectation among liberals in the mid-1930s was that fascism could be stopped without a world war and that, when this plague was past, the world would return to sanity. Many liberals believed that Hitler's influence could be limited to Germany. The nadir of liberal humanism would come with Hitler's triumphs of the *Anschluss* of Austria in March 1938, the Munich capitulation of the West to Hitler in September

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1938, and his seizure of Czechoslovakia in March 1939. In 1937 Freud and the European liberals could still summon a benign denial of what lay ahead politically and militarily until Nazism would be destroyed.

The highest overestimation of Freud and psychoanalysis ever written came from the pen of Thomas Mann on the occasion of Freud's eightieth birthday, May 6, 1936, when neither Austria nor Vienna took official notice or honored Freud. Thomas Mann journeyed to Vienna to address Freud in such exalted and utopian terms that they conjured a promise of millennarian personal integration and external harmony. Mann viewed psychoanalysis as a new humanism, the hope for mankind, and called its founder a prophet:

> There lie hidden seeds and elements of a new and coming sense of our humanity. And no less firmly do I hold that we shall one day recognize in Freud's life work the cornerstone for the building of a new anthropology and therewith of a new structure, to which many stones are being brought up today, which shall be the future dwelling of a wiser and freer humanity. This physicianly psychologist will, I make no doubt at all be honored as the path-finder towards a humanism of the future, which we dimly divine, and which will have experienced much that the earlier humanism knew not of. It will be a humanism standing in different relation to the powers of the lower world, the unconscious, the Id: a relation bolder, freer, blither, productive of a riper art than any possible in our neurotic, fear-ridden, hate-ridden world. Call this, if you choose, a poet's utopia; but the thought is after all not unthinkable, that the resolution of our great fear and our great hate, their conversion into a different relation to the unconscious which shall be more the artist's, more ironic and yet not necessarily irreverent, may one day be due to the healing effect of this very science.
>
> The analytic revelation is a revolutionary force. With it a blithe scepticism has come into the world, a mistrust which unmasks all the schemes and subterfuges of our own souls. Once roused and on the alert it cannot be put to sleep again. It infiltrates life, undermines its raw naiveté, takes from it the strain of its own ignorance, de-emotionalizes it, as it were, inculcates the taste for understatement . . . for the deflated rather than for the inflated word, for the cult which exerts its influence by moderation, by modesty. . . .
>
> May we hope that this may be the fundamental temper of that more blithely objective and peaceful world which the science of the unconscious may be called to usher in?

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This was not a new vision for Thomas Mann. The wonderful idealization, this hope for a life of beauty, peace, and gracious respect is evocative of Hans Castorp's glorious "Snow" dream, which forms the climax of *The Magic Mountain.* There Castorp envisions a sun-drenched bay on the littoral of a classical sea embraced by tree-clad mountains and peopled by beautiful young creatures who played, ate, and worked with exquisite grace and courtesy. They danced, made music, laughed, and loved in a tranquil, polite, good-natured discourse that captivated Thomas Mann's hero and took his breath away:

> "Oh, lovely, lovely," Hans Castorp breathed. "How joyous and winning they are, how fresh and healthy, happy and clever they look! It is not alone the outward form, they seem to be wise and gentle through and through. That is what makes me in love with them, the spirit that speaks out of them, the sense, I might almost say, in which they live and play together." By which he meant the friendliness, the mutual courteous regard these children of the sun showed to each other, a calm, reciprocal reverence veiled in smiles, manifested almost imperceptibly, and yet possessing them all by the power of sense association and ingrained idea. A dignity, even a gravity, was held, as it were, in solution in their lightest mood, perceptible only as an ineffable spiritual influence, a high seriousness without austerity, a reasoned goodness conditioning every act.

Mann's hero discovers what the "children of the sun" knew—that behind the courteous, enlightened culture he saw was intimate knowledge of "the other half of the story, the other side"—aggression, destruction, and death. In the "Snow" dream Castorp sees cannibalism and bloody infant sacrifice in the dark temple. Mann's message is a Nietzschean and a superbly psychoanalytical insight—that friendly, enlightened human intercourse presumes a personal familiarity and ease with the darker, hostile, antisocial drives, impulses, and wishes. This was the secret to the glory of Attic culture, according to Nietzsche. In Mann's presentation it is the psychoanalytic lesson of the new humanism, which would bear Western civilization away from the impasse of the barbarism of the mid-1930s.

The world looked immeasurably bleaker to a liberal humanist in 1938 than it need appear to us today. And if that observer was a resident of an Austria surrounded by the apparently ascendant

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fascist regimes of Central and Eastern Europe, there was every reason for pessimism, if not despair. It may be said that the period 1938 to 1942 appeared to be the darkest hour of Western civilization. Hitler and the German war machine appeared to be unstoppable. It seemed that the high water mark of liberal Western democracy had been in the immediate years following World War One, when a new group of succession states with short-lived democratic forms were established in East and Central Europe. By the late 1930s Germany was Nazi, while Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Romania, Italy, and Poland were ruled by various forms of corporatist authoritarian militarism or fascism. The one democratic state in East Central Europe was a vulnerable and besieged Czechoslovakia.

For Freud's perspective on the political state of the world, it is instructive to consult the companion piece to "Analysis Terminable and Interminable" he was writing from 1934 to 1938, *Moses and Monotheism*. There he wrote:

> We are living in a specially remarkable period. We find to our astonishment that progress has allied itself with barbarism. In Soviet Russia they have set about improving the living conditions of some hundred millions of people who were held firmly in subjection. They have been rash enough to withdraw the "opium" of religion from them and have been wise enough to give them a reasonable amount of sexual liberty; but at the same time they have submitted them to the most cruel coercion and robbed them of any possibility of freedom of thought. With similar violence, the Italian people are being trained up to orderliness and a sense of duty. We feel it as a relief from an oppressive apprehension when we see in the case of the German people that a relapse into almost prehistoric barbarism can occur as well without being attached to any progressive ideas. In any case, things have so turned out that today the conservative democracies have become the guardians of cultural advance. . . .

We should appreciate Freud's masterful use of the ironic mode: The Soviets have improved the life of their people with gruesome use of force and the loss of freedom of ideas. Mussolini presumed to create efficiency by cruel violence. Do these examples, Freud asks, point to an anxiety-arousing conclusion (arising from a reconsideration of the history of the Great French Revolution, which combined the progressive ideals of the Enlightenment with terror and militarism): that the price of material and institutional progress is sub-

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mission to a totalitarian ideology and the loss of personal freedom? Freud reassures us that the answer is, not at all. This heavy anxiety (*bedrückende Sorge*) is relieved by considering the case of Nazi Germany, whose primitive barbaric ideology bears no redeeming qualities whatsoever. And the conservative capitalist lands are the keepers of what is valuable in Western culture.

Psychoanalysis was banished from Germany shortly after Hitler's accession to power on January 30, 1933. Freud initially tried to reassure himself and his followers that all would be well in Austria. He wrote to Marie Bonaparte on March 16, 1933:

> In our circles there is always a great deal of trepidation. People fear that the nationalistic extravagances in Germany may extend to our little country. I have even been advised to flee already to Switzerland or France. That is nonsense; I don't believe there is any danger here and if it should come I am firmly resolved to await it here.

Austria was torn into three political camps, each with its own paramilitary army. The Austrian Reich's Germans and Nazis looked toward fusion with Hitler's Germany as the realization of the long-cherished dream of *Anschluss*. Their private army was the SA. The Social Democrats who controlled "Red Vienna," which they had made into a model of social reform, public housing, and child care, were beleaguered in the country as a whole. They organized a Republican Schutzbund. The ruling Christian Socials were conservative, Roman Catholic, and anti-Semitic. Their paramilitary units, known as the Heimwehr, were founded in post-World War One border conflicts with the new Yugoslavia.

In the political context of Austria of the mid-1930s Freud, who was fundamentally a nineteenth-century liberal, viewed the clerico-fascist Dollfuss-Schuschnigg regime without enthusiasm as the best hope for order and the continuation of his work in Central Europe. In March 1933 the Christian-Social Chancellor, Engelbert Dollfuss prorogued the parliament and suspended the Austrian Constitution. On February 12, 1934, civil war broke out as the Socialist Schutzbund rose to defend its last positions of strength in Austria's industrial areas and Vienna's housing projects.

Freud was skeptical of the claims to righteousness by both the Austrofascist government and the Socialists. Alluding to Otto Bauer, the leader of the Social Democratic Party and the brother of his pa-

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tient "Dora," Freud wrote to his son Ernst in England shortly after the Schutzbund rising was put down in four days of bloody fighting:

> Rumor has it that a certain powerful man insisted on putting an end at last to the conflict which has been smoldering for so long. At some time this was probably bound to happen. Now of course the victors are the heroes and the saviors of sacred order, the others the impudent rebels. Had the latter won, however, it wouldn't have been much better, for it would have meant a military invasion of the country. The government shouldn't be judged too harshly; after all, life under the dictatorship of the proletariat, which was the aim of the so-called leaders, would not have been possible either. Needless to say, the victors will not fail to commit every error that can be committed in such a situation. It will not be Dollfuss's fault; he probably won't be able to curb the dangerous fools in the Heimwehr. The future is uncertain; either Austrian fascism or the swastika. In the latter event we shall have to leave; native fascism we are willing to take in our stride up to a certain point; it can hardly treat us as badly as its German cousin. It wouldn't be pleasant, of course; but life in a foreign country is not so pleasant either—something I don't have to tell you, although you have actually been rather fortunate. Our attitude to the two political possibilities for Austria's future can only be summed up in Mercutio's line in *Romeo and Juliet:* "A plague on both your houses."

We note Freud's hopeful estimation of Austrofascism as a barrier to Nazism.

It is hard to accept Freud's assertion of a moral and political equivalence between the Austrofascists and the Social Democrats. There is little basis for believing that a Socialist victory in 1934 would have led to a "dictatorship of the proletariat" or would have inhibited psychoanalytic work in Austria. Most Socialists were democrats. Many analysts such as Paul Federn, Siegfried Bernfeld, Otto Fenichel, Alfred Adler, and Wilhelm Reich had been active in the socialist movement and worked to integrate psychoanalytic insights into the Socialist program and education.

In fact, I would argue that Austrofascism prepared the way for Nazism by destroying the democratic Austrian republic and its autonomous institutions such as labor unions, political parties, cooperatives, the Socialist infrastructure of recreation and sports clubs, women's and youth organizations, and the public housing

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projects, all of which would have resisted Nazism. The historian Martin Kitchen evaluated the destruction of the Social Democratic Party and its institutions as follows:

> Dollfuss was cutting off the branch on which he was sitting. Only with the help of the Social Democrats could the independence and domestic peace of Austria be preserved. The alternatives were democracy or Nazism. A fascist Austria would not prevent an Anschluss. . . . On 12 February 1934 democracy was finally destroyed in Austria, and the way to the Nazi Anschluss was left wide open. . . . The actions of the Dollfuss government were both morally indefensible and politically inept. The government lost its strongest supporters in the struggle against National Socialism in an act of mindless vindictiveness. 12 February 1934 led directly to 12 February 1938 when Schuschnigg capitulated to Hitler at Berchtesgaden and the fate of the "Christian, German, authoritarian Austria based on the estates" was sealed.

A week after the Socialist rising Freud, writing to Marie Bonaparte, thought that the homegrown variety of fascism would be less severe than the German:

> If the Nazis come here and make one stateless, as they have in Germany, then of course we shall have to leave. I am rather inclined to believe, however, that we shall get a fascism of an Austrian kind, which with all its discomforts would be much easier to endure, so that one could stay.

Max Schur interpreted Freud's belief, that the Austrians were not quite as brutal as the Germans, as denial. With the prospect of a Nazi triumph in Austria Freud was facing the impending banishment of his movement there, which would also mean the death of psychoanalysis in the Germanophone world (Switzerland excepted) which had spawned and nurtured it.

In the parallel text, *Moses and Monotheism,* which Freud was also writing and revising in the late 1930s, we find him at his most ambivalent. The anguish of the time obtruded everywhere. Freud was anxious, he "held back," he felt his work was "dangerous." Freud wrote three separate prefaces to Part III, "Moses, His People and Monotheist Religion." When he first wrote it he "did not think it would be possible to publish it." He tells of his "torment" and his decision not to publish, lest it endanger psychoanalysis in Austria.

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The first preface was written in Vienna, before March 1938 during the Schuschnigg clerico-fascist government which ruled prior to the forced *Anschluss* to Nazi Germany on March 12, 1938. Freud assessed the Roman Catholic Church as a bulwark against Nazism:

> Strange to say, it is precisely the institution of the Catholic Church which puts up a powerful defence against the spread of this danger to civilization—the Church which has hitherto been the relentless foe to freedom of thought and to advances towards the discovery of the truth!
>
> We are living here in a Catholic country under the protection of that Church, uncertain how long that protection will hold out. But so long as it lasts, we naturally hesitate to do anything that would be bound to arouse the Church's hostility. This is not cowardice, but prudence. The new enemy, to whom we want to avoid being of service, is more dangerous than the old one with whom we have already learnt to come to terms.

Freud's tone is apologetic and defensive: "This is not cowardice, but prudence." Personal courage and a forthright stance were important to Freud. We can only infer how humiliating and mortifying it must have been for this great free thinker, this liberal spirit who was one of the world's most articulate atheists, to be reduced to viewing himself as living under the succor and protection of the Roman Catholic Church.

The second preface, written in London in June 1938, explains why he refrained from publication of the first one. The hope that the Roman Church would serve as a shield and buffer for psychoanalysis was a vain fantasy:

> At the earlier date I was living under the protection of the Catholic Church, and was afraid that the publication of my work would result in the loss of that protection and would conjure up a prohibition upon the work of the adherents and students of psycho-analysis in Austria. Then, suddenly, came the German invasion and Catholicism proved, to use the words of the Bible, "a broken reed." In the certainty that I should now be persecuted not only for my line of thought but also for my "race"—accompanied by many of my friends, I left the city which, from my early childhood, had been my home for seventy-eight years.

The third preface, also written following Freud's arrival in England in June 1938, rehearses the conflicted history of the book.

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He recounts that he "held back" the third part of *Moses and Monotheism* "as I thought, for ever," because "it was dangerous, I determined to give it up; but it tormented me like an unlaid ghost." For Freud this essay had the potency to make or break the psychoanalytic movement, to ensure its survival or its destruction in Austria. This suggests both Freud's overestimation of his own words and of the forces resisting Nazism in Central Europe.

A glance at Freud's disappointments in the 1930s concerning some of his closest disciples also casts light on his warnings concerning the futility of prophylactic psychoanalysis in "Analysis Terminable and Interminable." His case of an analysand who reproached his analyst for failure to anticipate problems which later developed was that of the brilliant Sandor Ferenczi. The "analyst whom he regarded as superior to himself" was, of course, Freud. Ferenczi had died in 1933. Alfred Adler's death in Scotland in 1936 was met with bitter derision by Freud:

> For a Jew boy out of a Viennese suburb a death in Aberdeen is an unheard-of career in itself and a proof of how far he had got on. The world really rewarded him richly for his service in having contradicted psychoanalysis.

Otto Rank was to die in New York a month after Freud in 1939. Freud wrote "Analysis Terminable and Interminable" as a response to Ferenczi's late therapeutic experiments and to Otto Rank's technique of speedy analysis of the "primal trauma" of birth. Their defections, and the earlier abandonment by Adler, might be offered as proof of the inefficacy of prophylaxis by psychoanalysis. If psychoanalysis would integrate discordant elements of character and resolve personality conflicts, why the later psychoses, aberrant behavior, defections, the re-repression of truths from the unconscious and the covering over of insights gained, by his adherents, and their espousal of watered-down superficial therapies?

Freud's answer was that we do not seek perfect beings for psychoanalytic training, or else only individuals who had high and ideal qualities could enter the profession. He also pointed out that a training analysis "can only be short and incomplete," an estimation we would no longer endorse. Indeed, today we hold the converse—we demand of training analyses that they be as thorough and exhaustive as possible, precisely because the analysand will bear the

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stresses of working as a psychoanalyst. Freud said of the training analysis:

> It has accomplished its purpose if it gives the learner a firm conviction of the existence of the unconscious, if it enables him, when repressed material emerges, to perceive in himself things which would otherwise be incredible to him, and if it shows him a first sample of the technique which has proved to be the only effective one in analytic work.

Freud also gives due respect to the wearying demands of psychoanalysis on the emotional stability and mental equilibrium of the analyst. The "dangers of analysis" for the psychoanalyst arise from the constant preoccupation with repressed material and from being the target of the idealized and hostile projections of analysands. Analysts learn to use defense mechanisms, including displacement and projection, rather than insight; they are prone to misuse the power of analysis; they experience a stirring up of instinctual demands which would otherwise be suppressed. Thus, Freud's realistic appeal for a periodic re-analysis of the psychoanalyst—"his own analysis would change from a terminable into an interminable task."

What was the contemporaneous reaction of psychoanalysts to this paper? Otto Fenichel soon differed with Freud in the name of a systematic analysis of ego defenses in a paper to the British Psychoanalytical Society on January 25, 1938. His essay, "Ego Disturbances and Their Treatment," expressed his reservations concerning Freud's exclusion of the possibility of prophylaxis in psychoanalysis. While conceding that "one cannot, of course, force on a patient what does not interest him," Fenichel maintained that a systematic analysis of the resistances, both verbal and unspoken, will change latent conflicts into current ones. By dynamic interpretation, by "attacking at the exact points at which the decisive conflicts are present at that moment in a latent form," conflicts hitherto unavailable to analysis will be mobilized. "Some things which are not mentioned by the patient spontaneously are shown involuntarily. . . . it is then the task of the analyst to speak about them." According to Fenichel:

> It is a question of mobilizing latent conflicts, not of creating conflicts which are not there. Latent conflicts are never entirely latent. The analyst is accustomed to divining the presence of great conflicts lying behind the smallest sign. It is his task to

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> show so clearly to the patient the "reality" of these conflicts, to make these signs so objective, that his ego can recognize them as rationalizations, irruptions, and derivatives of the latent conflict behind them. It seems to me that if we wish to settle the latent conflict, to make the decisive part of the hardened instinctual energy capable of discharge, and so to restore mental health, we must indeed first turn a possible future conflict into a present one. This means that we must in fact provoke situations in which the conflict becomes actual—but neither by playing the part of fate in the real life of the patient, nor by joining in the transference through systematic, artificial behavior of our own, but by psychoanalysing those points at which the latent conflicts show themselves and by demonstrating their derivatives and making objective the attitude toward them taken by the observing ego.

With all the cocksureness of a forty-year-old psychoanalyst in his prime who has mastered the theories and clinical techniques of ego psychology, Fenichel touted against Freud the virtues of defense analysis. He maintained that if we understand how the analysand wards off depression, anxiety, guilt, or shame; if we can demonstrate to him how his resistances function to isolate, displace, project, and act out; then what has been repressed will become conscious.

We see that Freud's cautious warnings of 1937 were quickly denied and ignored. The dynamic process of idealization, pessimism, reactive enthusiasm, and reactive skepticism began with Freud's 1937 paper. The exaggerated claims and overestimation of psychoanalysis in the post-World War Two era is usually attributed to the successes achieved by analytic methods with war neuroses. This is undoubtedly true—insight into the defensive nature of conversion reactions was clinically therapeutic and did resolve symptoms, sometimes spectacularly. However, the very claim to omnipotence and overidealization of psychoanalysis indicated a denial of Freud's warnings—it was also part of a defensive dynamic among psychoanalysts, not the least of whom was Otto Fenichel. Many psychoanalysts still have a hard time accepting the idea of limitations. During the past fifty years there has been much denial of Freud's 1937 paper. There is always the inclination to abandon the prophet who admits to being not so powerful in favor of the prophet who offers more.

On the issue of the efficacy of prophylactic analysis, Freud's

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caution stands affirmed by experience. The one caveat I would make is that the parent's psychoanalysis is often affirmed as prophylactic for the children. I have had a number of parents tell me that it is their children who are the real beneficiaries of the parent's analysis because the unconscious replication of their own parents' child-raising patterns, of both displaced aggressive and inhibited libidinal behavior, is at last broken by the insight offered by psychoanalysis. In this generational sense, prophylaxis may be effective. Only analysis offers the depth of working through insights to radically alter the kind of unconscious programming involved in parent-child communication.

Freud's call for periodic re-analysis of analytic practitioners is a recognition of the subjective nature of psychoanalytic cognition, of the fact that no psychoanalyst can analyze past his or her own resistances. If a psychoanalyst has a scotomized emotional perception, his analysands will have circumscribed and incomplete analyses with certain unanalyzed and untouched areas. Indeed, when one sees generations of analysands from the same psychoanalytic couches, particular analytic *lacunae,* psychoanalytic styles, unanalyzed character traits, or transferential materials are distinctly perceptible and identifiable with given analysts.

Analysis should be a lifelong process, not only because of the analyst's resistances and re-repressions, but also because of the life changes humans experience. Events such as marriage and divorce, the birth of children, the death of parents, becoming a parent of adolescents and eventually a grandparent—as well as other viscissitudes of life such as disease, political, social, and natural events which cause dislocation or trauma—generate new intrapsychic problems which in fact are not coexistent at any particular time. Through each passing decade, the analyst is in another stage of the life cycle and meeting different existential situations.

There is also a problem with the translation of Freud's original title, "Die endliche und die unendliche Analyse." I would translate this as "The Ending and the Unending Analysis." "Endliche" means finite, something that comes to an end. "Unendliche" suggests the infinite, the endless, the analysis without limit. Freud was not writing of the termination of a particular phase of analysis as a technical problem. He was saying analysis is unending, should never be ended, cannot be ended. Analysts and analysands must continue to examine their unconscious all of their lives. His message is that analysis is infinite—it is a lifetime project.

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What does Freud's essay on the impossibility of the psychoanalytic profession, the limits of therapeutic aspiration, and the interminability of psychoanalysis, have to say to us after fifty years? A great deal—in fact almost everything Freud wrote in 1937 repays careful attention and offers us intellectual and emotional nourishment today. The conservative de-idealization of the clinical efficacy of psychoanalysis, which we usually date from the 1960s and 1970s as a reaction to the overenthusiasm of the forties and fifties, in fact began with Freud's own cautious and skeptical paper of 1937 which was itself a reaction to idealization. As with so much of Freud, each generation must rediscover his truth for themselves. To be conservative about therapeutic efficacy, not to demand too much of the analyst or of analysis, was sound counsel a half-century ago, and it is valuable now.

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Zofia Kubar

WITH A FLOWER IN HER HAIR

I spent two and a half years of my life in the Warsaw ghetto. I survived the deportation in 1942. On January 18, 1943, in the second roundup, I was ordered downstairs along with my friends and neighbors, pushed into a long column of people already standing in the street, and marched in the direction of the *Umschlagplatz,* the railroad siding where the cattle cars were waiting.[1] We were allowed to take a small package of food and a few possessions.

In the same row with me were my friends Marcel Reich and his wife Tosia; Rachel Singer, my young roomate; and Gustava Jarecka with her two small sons, Karol and Marek.

Gustava, before the war one of the most brilliant young novelists in Poland, had been working as a switchboard operator for the *Judenrat*, a position she owed to Adam Czerniakow, who tried to save some intellectuals by giving them jobs.[2] During the first "action," verification of employment had sometimes helped people to escape deportation. But now, in the second "action," no job, however essential for war production the Germans had considered it, spared anyone.

Our column proceeded in silence. We believed we were headed for death, although we did not know when we would find it, or how. Then Marcel took over.

"We should run if we spot the chance," he said.

Gustava refused, despairing, sure she couldn't make it with the children. She stayed in line when the rest of us made our move. We

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Editor's Note: This memoir is excerpted from a manuscript describing the author's experiences during World War II.

1. The first "resettlement action"—a euphemism for transporting Jews to the gas chambers—took place from July 22 to September 21, 1942; about 300,000 Jews were deported from Warsaw to the Treblinka death camp. In the second action, from January 18 to January 23, 1943, about 6,000 Jews were deported.

2. The *Judenrat* (Jewish Council) appointed by the German occupation authorities was responsible for enforcing Nazi orders affecting the Jews and for administering the affairs of the Jewish community. Czerniakow was chairman of the Warsaw *Judenrat.* He committed suicide on July 23, 1942, protesting the extermination of the Jews.

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were passing a bombed-out building with crumbling steps leading down to a cellar. Marcel gave the signal. The Germans shot at us but missed. They didn't bother to chase us or waste more bullets on four Jews who would not escape their fate anyway. We reached the cellar and were safe for the time being. Later, we learned from the janitor of our building, who had managed to escape from the train, that Gustava had died en route, of suffocation under a pile of bodies.

After the January deportation only about 35,000 Jews, out of about half a million, remained in the ghetto. Frantically they weighed their chances: to stay there and share the common fate, or to escape to the Aryan part of the city. Most, overwhelmed by the apathy produced by fear, decided to stay. Many lacked Polish friends who could help, or the money to pay for a hideout. Then there were those who hesitated because they still made money in the ghetto or were reluctant to sacrifice their belongings. The underground press had confirmed reports of the gas ovens but most people refused to believe them; those who decided to remain in the ghetto wanted to deceive themselves, eagerly listening for the "good news," the false rumors spread by the Germans and their agents. "Not everybody dies in the camps," they argued. "Those healthy enough to work will survive."

Stories circulated about those who had fled to the Aryan side and, once outside the wall, were surrounded by Polish blackmailers who took everything they possessed and then handed them over to the Gestapo. The fugitives were shot on the spot. This was true, but little was said about those who were lucky enough to escape.

My own chances of survival on the Polish side were slight. I had no money to pay for a hiding place or for ransom to the blackmailers. I was virtually a stranger in the city, and I had only two Polish friends there. One, Mrs. Uklejska, had been the headmistress of the *gymnasium* I had attended for a year before I went off to the university in Cracow. We had been out of touch for seven years, but when she learned by chance that I was in the ghetto she had visited me there, bringing food and offering help. The other was Szczesny Dobrowolski, husband of my childhood friend Stefa. She was Jewish, working in the underground, her identity concealed by her marriage to a Pole. I could rely on these people, but a whole network of Polish friends was needed for one Jew to survive outside the walls, and I knew no one else in Warsaw. True, some of my *gymnasium* classmates might still be in the city, but I hadn't seen them in seven years. After I'd earned my degrees in Cracow—in law at the Jagellonian University, in business at the Academy of Commerce—

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I had gone home to Lodz. Soon afterward the war broke out, and the city was occupied by the Nazis. The Russian border was temporarily open, and like thousands of other young people I decided to escape to the Soviet Union. My parents encouraged me: it was commonly believed that the young, because they were likely to have been politically active, were most at risk.

I packed a rucksack with a few belongings, refused the money my parents tried to press on me, and headed east, stopping off briefly—or so I thought—in Warsaw. But I learned how much better off Jews were there—and elsewhere under the *Generalgouvernment,* the territory occupied by the Germans—than they were in Lodz, which was part of the Reich, and I postponed my flight to Russia to arrange for my parents' move to Warsaw. But, as they made ready to leave, the Germans sealed off the Lodz ghetto. At the same time they closed the new German-Russian border. My parents were stuck in Lodz. I was stuck in Warsaw.

Now, three years later, doomed to annihilation, I knew that time was running out. I was haunted by a dream that I was trying to leave but it was too late. The troops were already surrounding the ghetto for the third time to deport those who were left. Constantly I consulted my mirror for reassurance that I could pass for a Pole. It told me that I was 5′1″, slender, with brown eyes and dark blonde hair. Flaxen hair and blue eyes would have been better. What bothered me most was my nose, not especially long but not the small upturned Polish kind. Would the shape of my nose determine my future? Because I was young, I told myself, I might survive in a camp. But because I was young I decided not to surrender to a fate assigned by the Nazis, whatever it might be. Once I had made my choice, I gave my Polish friends the signal that I was ready to move.

By now, virtually the only way to leave the ghetto was as a member of a labor brigade assigned to work outside. One day in early February I joined some fifty men and women at the Zelazna Gate, the official exit, at dawn. I wore as many layers of clothing as I could, ostensibly against the cold. The gendarmes who searched us paid no attention to this padding and did not find the only valuables I owned—my Aunt Ida's ring with a small diamond and a gold bracelet, a graduation gift from my parents. I had a little money given me by my uncle and my friends, just enough to tide me over until I found a job. I also smuggled out some family pictures and my two university diplomas. I knew it was ridiculous to want to keep this evidence of my education, since I would be another person on

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the Aryan side, but I was young enough to believe in a future after the war ended.

With the other women I was assigned to wash windows in some apartments on Narbutta Street that were being made ready for German military families. At noon, during the break permitted by the guards, I met Mrs. Uklejska, who was waiting in a grocery nearby, and gave her for safekeeping all the things I had smuggled out. Before I hurried back to work I managed to telephone Stefa's husband, who told me where to pick up my new birth certificate and gave me the address where I would be expected next time, when I left the ghetto for good.

Two days later I joined the brigade again, swaddled in more clothes. We washed windows until dusk, then lined up, some of us carrying potatoes or other foodstuffs we were allowed to buy, for the trip back to the ghetto. I carried nothing. We marched in the middle of the street, attracting occasional glances from Polish passers-by. Leaving Polna Street, I looked around: nobody was watching. Cautiously I stepped to the end of our column, removing from my sleeve the unsewn Star of David armband and slipping it into my pocket. In no time I was on the sidewalk, part of the Polish crowd. Then I walked, not too slowly, not too fast, to the nearest streetcar stop. As I boarded the first car to come along I realized suddenly that I didn't know the cost of a single fare. I dared not ask: every Warsavian knew what it was. I asked the conductor for a ten-trip booklet so that I could hand him a ten-zlotys bill, expecting that it would more than cover it. I was right; he gave me the tickets and the change. Now I was a Polish passenger on a Polish streetcar. I was no longer Zofia Rubinstein. The story of Zofia Sielczak had begun.

* * *

My first shelter in the city was one room and a kitchen, shared with my landlady, a Miss Okonska, with whom my friend Stefa had made the necessary arrangements. It was modestly furnished but spotlessly, almost painfully, clean. Miss Okonska had been a dressmaker; she was impeccably groomed—not a wrinkle in her gray skirt and white blouse. In appearance, and in the rigidity of her daily routine, she resembled a nun. To tell the truth, this exaggerated devotion to tidiness made me uncomfortable. I soon stopped eating at home, lest a breadcrumb fall on the shining floor. But I couldn't give up bathing. There was no bathroom, and one had to

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wash at the kitchen sink without spilling a drop of water. Miss Okonska managed this easily, and I did my best. Sometimes when—in spite of my efforts—I splashed some water, I heard her say in her thin and penetrating voice, "You people are so careless!"

First I swallowed this criticism of my clumsiness, but when she repeated "you people" I asked her whom she meant. She was a little embarrassed; she hadn't expected the question, probably didn't realize what was on her mind. After a pause, she explained that she meant rich people, who were used to servants. But I sensed that like many Poles she identified Jews with the rich. Certainly she was not consciously critical of Jews; after all, she was giving me shelter, putting her own life in jeopardy without receiving anything in return. Nevertheless, this slip revealed the prejudices often deeply rooted in the minds of even the most generous people, people who helped Jews while still unable to accept them as belonging to the same species as themselves.

Miss Okonska was usually quiet but friendly, and the first weeks of my stay passed harmoniously enough. I spent most of my days outside, walking around, practicing my new Polish identity. In those days there were people who would scrutinize the faces of their fellows, studying their expressions, the way they carried themselves. Some looked for a victim to blackmail; others were driven by pure curiosity to see if they could spot a Jew. It was important to blend into the crowd.

I stopped wearing the glasses I had worn for years; they might attract attention to my face. Also, they made me look intellectual. True, there were Polish intellectuals, but at least they didn't have to worry that their appearance would give them away. For me it was doubly precarious. Intellectuals formed a minority, and I had to avoid being linked with any minority. I knew that intellectuals were special targets of the Nazis, as they have been of other totalitarian regimes before and since.

"You've got spectacles on your nose and autumn in your soul." I remembered this description of the narrator in one of Isaac Babel's stories. I knew that the autumn in my soul must be concealed. Although during the occupation the Poles were sad and depressed, the Jews' despair was far worse. I had to try to show none of my feelings.

For a while I tried to look inconspicuous: I wore a gray hat pulled low over my forehead and a dark coat. But this costume soon depressed me and I switched to the other extreme—vivid colors,

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heavy makeup, even a beauty spot on my face. I thought that if I seemed eager to attract men I would look more "Aryan," because it would be assumed that Jewish girls had enough to worry about and would not care to flirt with strangers. But this pose didn't last long; I came to see that it was ridiculous. I stopped trying to bleach my hair, afraid someone might guess I was motivated not by feminine vanity but by the need to disguise darker, "Jewish" hair. Finally I abandoned all these artifices and concentrated on my expression. I forced myself to look carefree. "It's a beautiful day," I would tell myself. "Life is exciting."

I believe I mastered a look of cheerful confidence. The effect was more than external: I had summoned up this optimism to control my facial muscles, and they in turn influenced my feelings. Since danger was a constant threat, I had to keep refreshing my inner powers of resistance. Later, when spring came, I would wear a flower in my hair like other Polish girls to express the hope for victory and peace.

But now it was February, 1943, and I needed to find friends. There were some Jews living on the Aryan side who considered it an advantage to remain alone: it reduced the danger of being recognized and denounced. But these Jews usually had money and could pay for their hiding places. Many of my Polish friends had been socialists and were now in Russia. My friend Stefa was deeply involved in the underground and so asked me not to contact her. There was my old headmistress, Mrs. Uklejska, who had already done so much. She and her family were also active in the resistance, helping other Jewish friends and former students and teachers. I knew I could count on her. However, she couldn't take me into her apartment. I had to find more Poles who were ready to give me a hand. This was extremely dangerous for them; if they were caught sheltering a Jew, or helping one in any way, they could be put to death. Even those who did nothing, but only withheld knowledge of a Jew's hiding place, risked deportation to a concentration camp.

I was embarrassed, looking up my old schoolmates after seven years; I had been too preoccupied with a boyfriend then to get to know the girls. I would never have approached them if I hadn't needed help. They were sympathetic but frightened, like most Poles. They were astonished that I was alive, and I felt that it had been somehow "unfair" of me to have survived, since now I posed a problem. I listened to stories, true and untrue, about their own predicaments. I was passed along from one acquaintance to another

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and told I should understand why they could do nothing. And I understood.

But there were a few girls I had liked, who had liked me, and finally I found one who really welcomed me. Cesia Szczypinska lived with her prospective mother-in-law and worked in her electrical appliance store. Cesia's fiancé, a Polish army officer, had escaped to England. His mother was not enthusiastic about my visits, but Cesia was strong-willed and we saw each other often. The store was in the poor outskirts of the city near Kercelak, an old flea market where now the black market flourished. One could get everything there: food, clothes—new and old—jewelry, dollars—genuine and fake. The dealers used the telephone in the store, with Cesia's permission. She and I were polite to them and they were impressed by two such well-educated girls. They knew neither of us had any money, and they tried to help us by giving us goods to sell on commission. Cesia sometimes managed to make a sale but I never did. What a disaster, she said, to be a Jew with a *goyish* head at such a time—that is, to be like a Pole, with no business sense. I agreed, but that's the way it was. The black marketeers would later play an important part in my story.

Weeks had passed since I had boarded that streetcar, and I was getting to know the city. Then one evening two new lodgers, sisters, showed up at Miss Okonska's. They were Stefa's cousins, also from the ghetto. Miss Okonska had generously agreed to squeeze them in. Now there were four of us in the two rooms of the apartment, but I was glad to have the company of girls my own age, pleased that two more had escaped the ghetto. These two looked Jewish and would have to stay indoors all day. I did not suspect that this would threaten my place, my first shelter. They came from an affluent Warsaw family and had managed to hold on to some of their possessions. Like me, they were eager to please our landlady, but unlike me, they could express their gratitude by giving her small presents—a scarf, a pocketbook—almost every day. It would be unfair to Miss Okonska to say that these gifts were the main reason she finally chose the girls over me, but it would be naive to think their largesse played no role in her decision.

The girls wanted me to move out because they thought I was a potential danger to them. Since I went in and out, they said, I could have attracted the attention of a policeman or a blackmailer in the street. If one had followed me, he would have discovered them. They persuaded Miss Okonska that I, who looked less Jewish,

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should be the one to leave. Ghetto refugees had a saying: "Better stay alone on the streetcar." The fewer Jews there were in a place, the safer each one was.

I was learning that a common fate did not always create a feeling of solidarity, that it actually created hostility among competitors for survival. I had no hope of convincing Miss Okonska that her decision was unfair, that I was almost penniless and a stranger in the city, and not at all in a better position than the sisters. But I knew Miss Okonska was basically kind and believed that she wouldn't throw me out without finding me another place.

And she did find one. In the same building there was a small room intended for a concierge but occupied by an old lady who was a kind of ward of the Church. Miss Okonska introduced me to Miss Aniela Bijas, vouching for my character and withholding, of course, the crucial information that I was Jewish. This would be my second move on the Aryan side, and as the Hebrew saying goes, *"Meshane makom, meshane mazal."* Change your place, change your luck.

* * *

It is pleasant to recall that my new landlady liked me very much. After a few days she asked me to call her Aunt Aniela. God forbid I should call her Grandma! She had never married and was very proud of her membership in a sisterhood of virgins called Maidens in White. She had worked since girlhood in the homes of rich families who encouraged her in this celibate state, indeed, required it. Maidservants deprived of male society were more dependable, more faithful; and with thousands of young girls in the overpopulated countryside looking for work, Aunt Aniela had accepted this condition, reluctantly at first, perhaps—later wholeheartedly.

She was short and plump, in her late seventies or early eighties. She was poor as could be and completely alone, but she did not appear unhappy. I never noticed a trace of envy or jealousy. She deeply believed that "blessed are the poor . . . for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Though she accepted every word preached by the Church and appeared completely fulfilled, my intrusion into her quiet life seemed to awaken dormant maternal feelings and some longing for love. She accepted everything I told her about myself. I dared not tell her I was Jewish, since I had no idea how she would react to such a startling piece of information. I was Polish and Catholic.

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My story and my new personality had been carefully worked out. I came from the countryside, where I was a teacher. I could not pretend that I was uneducated: my language, behavior, and manners would have betrayed me. On the other hand, I could not admit to having studied at the university. That level of education would have made her suspicious of my need to share her room. However, it was quite plausible that I had studied in a teachers' seminary. Girls from peasant families with higher aspirations than domestic service could study in these institutions where the fees were very low. After two years they received a license to teach in primary schools. Thus I became a seminary graduate who was looking for a job in Warsaw. My "profession" allowed me to be educated neither too little nor too much for my present circumstances.

During my wanderings on the Aryan side I would acquire a wide knowledge of the linguistic peculiarities of many different types of people. Every Jewish survivor became, like me, an expert in this kind of deception. We had to speak excellent Polish, but we needed also a perfect knowledge of certain mistakes and colloquialisms peculiar to different milieus. And I had never realized how many nuances there were in manners, gestures, facial expressions, and jokes. We had to invent credible identities and sustain them in every particular. One mistake could be fatal.

It was important for me to have relatives. Only Jews did not speak of them: their family members were dead or in hiding. So I invented an old aunt in Zielonka, an outlying village. I was a very good niece and took great care of my aunt, "visiting" her often. Aunt Aniela, of course, approved of my solicitousness, but I had another purpose in mind. Since I was needed in Zielonka, I had an excellent excuse for missing Sunday Mass with her. I might have betrayed myself there. Or, if I hadn't, I would have considered that I was somehow taking unfair advantage of the true believers, although I was utterly indifferent to all religions at the time. This way I could leave every Sunday to see my dear aunt in Zielonka. Aunt Aniela missed me very much, but assured me that I had her full blessing.

When I returned to the room we shared, Aunt Aniela usually offered me a portion of the thin soup provided by one of the Church charities. Made with a few carrots and potatoes, this soup and about half a pound of bread was her daily diet. I appreciated her generosity, but although I was often hungry, I always refused the soup, saying I'd already eaten. Unfortunately, she also treated me to spiritual

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food that I could not refuse—morality tales that she read aloud from religious calendars.

She particularly loved the story of a girl invited to a restaurant by two wicked men. There they had slipped sleeping pills into her beer, and when she was unconscious, they had raped her. Somehow the publication made the situation clear without offending innocent readers. This story was a thriller for Aunt Aniela; she feared this fate could befall me. I assured her that I did not meet men, did not frequent restaurants, and hated beer. I could admit this with a clear conscience since I did not then have male acquaintances, did not go to restaurants, and I had never cared for beer.

In our 9′ x 12′ room were two beds with straw mattresses. My few belongings hung on one wall. (My better clothes, a few things I had received from my friends in the ghetto, I had left with Mrs. Uklejska since they were too good for a poor girl from the countryside.) Aniela's Sunday black skirt and crimson blouse hung on the opposite wall. Under her bed was a cardboard box in which she kept her festive dress—the outfit she would wear in her coffin; she showed it to me more than once with innocent pride. Between the beds stood a small iron stove called for some unknown reason a "nanny goat." It would have warmed us if we had had enough coal, but the amount received from Catholic Charities was barely enough to heat the soup on its only burner. We both suffered from the cold. Nevertheless, I could not give up the strange habit of my former life—washing myself daily. Miss Aniela could not understand; she was shocked at the sight of my naked body. Why must I scrub all over? Such a practice suggested women of easy virtue. And I was such a decent, honest girl. Finally, love overcame prejudice, and she began to fetch me a pot of warm water each evening from a neighbor. I used a small basin. She did not mind my splashing water on the floor.

After the bath it was time for evening prayers. Every good Catholic prayed before bedtime. When Aunt Aniela knelt to pray, I would jump into bed. She did not like this at all.

"Dear child," she would say. "Every creature praises God. The cow moos, 'moo-moo,' and praises God. The bird twitters, 'tschwirr-tschwirr,' and praises God. And you, my bad girl, you do not want to do it?"

I would explain that it was cold and I would pray in bed. She did not approve, but she indulged my whim.

I was getting used to my new personality. Now when I think about life at Aunt Aniela's I can't remember whether I thought of it

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as a hardship. I always had an ability to adjust myself to new circumstances. I am sure that I blotted out the memory of my room in my parents' house in Lodz. Now I remember it from time to time, seeing it full of light. There was the flowered wallpaper, the white furniture fashionable in my childhood; my desk could be adjusted to my height. There were many books on the shelves—most of them I remember to this day—and a cabinet where I kept my toys. I remember the pictures on the walls: a big photograph of myself, a five-year-old with curly hair and a look of surprise on her face and a wooden wheel in her hands. There were prints of smiling children in a garden, at the lake, on a beach. The decor showed no great artistic taste on the part of my parents, but everything was arranged with loving care. I never thought of the room in the days when I moved from shelter to shelter.

Although I liked my good Aunt Aniela there were moments when playing the role of a naive, cheerful girl became unbearable. The news from the ghetto was bad, and I had some frightening experiences when I went out in the city. To come home to her twittering was more than I could bear. I was about ready to murder this sweet, innocent fool.

* * *

It was around noon when I came home to rest a bit. I noticed immediately that the usually serene Aunt Aniela was very nervous. Before I could take off my coat she blurted out "About an hour ago a policeman was here asking for you. He said that there were two persons by the name of Zofia Sielczak, both born on the same day with the same parents. One or both must be Jewish."

I tried to laugh. "That's funny," I said. "Just imagine: Another girl with my name!"

Now I was the one who prattled. Aunt Aniela wasn't amused.

"I assured him that you are not Jewish, that you are a good Catholic girl. Of course you are."

I saw that the poor thing badly wanted to convince herself as well as the policeman.

"He said that it was his duty to come back and talk to you. He will be back in a little while."

I did my best to persuade Aunt Aniela that there must be some misunderstanding and that I would explain it to the policeman.

"Dear child, if you are Polish and Catholic stay with me. I love you like my own daughter. But if you are Jewish—run away! He will

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come back and arrest you. May God Almighty bless you and keep you in His mercy!"

For a moment she was silent. Then solemnly she made a big sign of the cross over my head. On her otherwise ordinary face appeared an expression of nobility. I looked around for the last time, my eyes resting on the cheap, unframed pictures of the other saints in the room. I pitied her and tried to cheer her up. I assured her that I was the good Catholic girl she knew, that I would stay with her. I had to go out again, I said, but I would be back in an hour.

"See you soon, Aunt Aniela!"

I never saw her again. She must be long dead. Sometimes I am obsessed by the thought that I am perhaps the only one who remembers her. May she rest in peace.

I left the apartment and walked fast to escape the policeman, who might have been following me. It ran through my head that the other Zofia, my double, was in the same fix. I guessed what had happened. I knew how forgers operated. I was lucky to get out before the policeman returned. But I didn't know where to go. I rapidly reviewed the short list of my friends and acquaintances in Warsaw, something I had to do often. I had to be prepared for a crisis that might arise at any time. Now I think about those friends with some embarrassment: I was always considering how useful they might be to me. Yet I feel that I am not a person inclined to take advantage of others.

No one on my list was in a position to help me. It was some consolation that Mrs. Uklejska or Marysia could put me up for a night or two—no longer—and even that stay might endanger them. I had to find a shelter right away. My thoughts were scattered. Suddenly, as in the flash of a camera, the room where I had lived in my *gymnasium* days emerged from my memory—much to my surprise, since I hadn't thought about it for a long time. It was a room in the apartment of a widow who made her living by taking in lodgers.

One of them was Nina Nieszawska, an orphan living with her aunt while she went to business school. She was very popular. Her aunt wouldn't let her go out with men, but trusted me. I regret to say that I betrayed her confidence. Nina and I would leave the apartment together, ostensibly to go to the movies, but we would separate at the corner and she would join one of her boyfriends. Later we would meet in front of the house and return together. Everyone was pleased with this arrangement.

Nina was Jewish, and I had no idea what had happened to her. But I remembered meeting a couple of her Polish boyfriends. There

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was a wild chance that they might be in the city. Fantastic as it seems—I scarcely knew them—I decided to look them up.

Both Jan Panicek and Henryk Nowak were listed in the telephone directory I consulted in a café. I tried Panicek first, at his camera store. His pleasant, boyish face showed real surprise when I walked in: Jews were supposed to be dead or in concentration camps, not walking around on the Aryan side. I explained why I'd come. He was very frank. He told me that since he was of Czech origin, born in the Sudetenland (which the Nazis considered part of Germany), he had applied for *Folksdeutsch* (ethnic German) status. He had German customers who sometimes visited him at home, and couldn't risk helping me.

I left thinking things could be worse: a *Folksdeutsch* was supposed to denounce Jews. But I didn't think Panicek would betray me. I was learning to be grateful to people not only for what they did for me but also for what they didn't do against me.

Twenty minutes later I knocked at the door of the house where Henryk lived with his parents. He opened it—a sturdy, rather bluff young man. He seemed frightened to see me but he was friendly, and I felt better. I couldn't stay there, he said. His parents were sympathetic to Jews but would not endanger themselves. However, he had a girlfriend, Danka Dunin, who lived in the country in Zbojna Gora, about thirty miles from Warsaw. Perhaps she would take me in. She lived alone in a villa belonging to a *Folksdeutsch,* the boss of the city sanitation department where Henryk and Danka both worked. Danka lived there rent-free in return for caretaking. The owner rarely showed up.

I waited while Henryk picked up Danka at work, so that he could sound her out about me, then met them both at the railroad station, as arranged. Danka was slender and very pretty; she had dark, curly hair and lively brown eyes. I thought that she could be charming if she wanted to be, but now she looked me up and down in a sharp, unpleasant way and said curtly "She can come with me."

We took the train to Radosc and walked two miles on sandy ground to Zbojna Gora. The name of this hamlet means "Bandit's Mountain" in Polish, but it looked lovely and peaceful. The house stood at the edge of a deep wood. There was only one other building in sight, across a country road. It seemed an ideal haven.

[The author's stay in Radosc was not to be an idyll. Shelter followed shelter, with constant threat of exposure and narrow es-

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capes. She encountered villains and rescuers—bus drivers, policemen, doctors, prison guards, teachers, and fellow fugitives. A suitor in the underground army was killed in a reprisal roundup. She spent a sickening social evening with drunken blackmailers. She became a welcomed guest and friend of a courageous priest in Ryki. In late July 1944 she returned to Radosc just before the Polish uprising broke out in Warsaw.]

* * *

We believed we would have to stay in Radosc until the end of the uprising, but after a few days a small unit of the Russian army appeared in the town. Whether it had become separated from the main forces or was a reconnaissance unit was probably a matter of no military significance. For us, however, it meant liberation. With the Russians in Radosc and the Germans still holding their position in Miedzylesie, the enemies were separated by only about two miles of dense forest.

When a neighbor ran down the road shouting hysterically, "The Russians are here!" we could not believe it. At first we thought she had gone mad. We ran to our balcony. And there we saw them, the first Russians! Our liberators!

The exchange of artillery fire began almost instantly. A few Russian soldiers entered our house, asking about our presence there. They were friendly and polite; however, they advised us to leave Radosc at once. It would become a battlefield and we could be hurt or killed. Then they started to entrench themselves in our garden.

When our neighbors in the Baptist house across the road were also advised by the Russians to leave, our small party of four was joined by one of them—a man carrying an infant. The mother had been wounded in the first hour of the crossfire, and the Russians had driven her to a military hospital. The baby was unbelievably ugly, grotesque.

It was hot. The famous August sky—clear and bright, often described in the literature of this period—enabled the German planes to fly low over houses and living targets. We walked through the open fields looking for a village where we could stay for a while and rest. On our way we met more Russian soldiers. Here and there bombshells burst over our heads.

Danka, Celinka, and I did not react at all to these explosions,

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but the Russian soldiers, brave veterans of many battles, automatically protected their heads or threw themselves on the ground. We did not have this reflex. One of the soldiers, surprised that we lacked this natural defense mechanism, asked why we behaved so strangely. His question made us realize that we had been deprived of some part of the natural life instinct. In our minds there was only one threat: the Nazis. We were impervious to the fear of death in any circumstances other than capture by the Germans. For us the war had ended at the very moment we saw the first Russian soldier on Polish soil, though the war went on for almost a year and many more people would die.

Our small group—Danka and the child, Celinka and I, and the neighbor with his infant—continued the strenuous walk. Suddenly Bogdan began to cry; he was hungry. Danka sat down to nurse him in the shade of the solitary tree we found. Close to her stood the man holding his miserable infant. Danka, in the habit of asking my approval for everything she did, looked at me and said, "You know, I have more milk than I need for Bogdan. I think I can also nurse this man's baby."

I was expecting this; undoubtedly this was why he had joined our party. When Bogdan had been fed, the other baby eagerly seized Danka's breast and began to suck.

After we had walked about ten miles to the east, we reached a village named Zanecin, where we went from one cottage to another asking in vain for shelter.

Finally a poor peasant family agreed to let us stay in a small vacant room, and gave us straw pallets to spread on the floor. Our neighbor found a place nearby, much more comfortable than ours. He had money. We had, the three of us, about twenty *zlotys*. Predictably, the peasants demanded exorbitant prices for everything; they were looking forward to accommodating more refugees, who would have to pay what they asked.

When it darkened, Celinka and I went to dig potatoes: we also found some rotten carrots and other vegetables which the peasants had considered inedible. They tasted good to us. And our neighbor, who seemed to be rolling in money, brought milk and food to Danka which she insisted on sharing with us.

Half a mile from the village we found a pond where we could bathe, there being no facilities in the cottage. We had to be sparing with the one bar of soap in our possession. But we were to get a windfall: next day I was given more bars of soap by a Russian major from Leningrad who arrived at the village with his units.

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This was my first close contact with a Russian. There had been no time for conversation with the Russian soldiers in Radosc and during our walk to Zanecin, and the few sentences we did exchange had to depend on the common features of the two Slavic languages. With the Russian major, though, I could speak German—when nobody was around who could suspect us of being German spies or, just as bad, Jews. We spent all night talking under the stars, sitting on a bale of hay in a meadow some distance from the village.

I trusted the major and told him that I was Jewish. I told him what I had gone through during the four years of the war. I spoke of those I had loved and lost. It was so good to talk to him. He talked about his war experiences, but very little about his life before the war. I learned only that he too was Jewish, an engineer whose wife and son had perished during the siege of Leningrad. I shared his sorrow, he shared mine. He was very attractive and intelligent. But the most striking thing about him was his sadness. When I tried to talk about the future, he fell silent.

Now, after my experiences in Communist Poland, I can understand why he was so reluctant to talk about the reality of the Soviet Union. He could have foreseen what the Poles and the Jews would have to expect once the Russians dominated Poland. However, he was silent about that. I have reason to believe that he had full confidence in me and was not afraid to reveal what he knew. But keeping quiet on political topics had become a habit for the Russians. Even a joke was dangerous. According to a Russian saying, "Those who told jokes wound up building Belamor," the White Sea Canal where, according to Solzhenitsyn, 100,000 camp prisoners died between 1931 and 1933.

It was also possible that my Russian friend did not want to deprive me of hope for my own future and the future of my country. I would have time to learn.

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David Mura

A JAPANESE-AMERICAN IN TOKYO

In a sense, more so than most cities, Tokyo is one immense shop: everywhere one looks there are billboards, neon signs, shop windows, stores of all sorts and sizes, crowds of shoppers clutching bags from Seibu or Issetan or one of the dozen other major *depaatos* (department stores). Yet what I find intriguing here is how the less gaudy Japanese aesthetic of the bare *tatatami* mats or the polished empty boards of the *Noh* stage functions so well in the service of commerce. Against the mash of people spilling through the streets, you enter the finest stores and find interiors that are strikingly sparse; the object, the saleable good, is suspended in space, surrounded by blankness, conferring on it a matteness, an absence of history (think of the rock garden of Ryoanji, great expanses of white rippling pebbles dotted here and there with the darkness of larger, ragged stones). How easily this native aesthetic, this Zen sensibility, camouflages its advertisement, hides the where and how of production, the human toil and material process, and presents each item in a realm apart, pure, peaceful, timeless. A city of tremendous wealth—where does it come from?

In the vast *depaatos* everything can be bought; you need go no further to have all your material needs met. The *depaatos* contain restaurants, movie theaters, food shops, and on the top floors, art galleries, performing spaces. They are a city in miniature, a maze to wander through, a place to share in the mass and controlled hysteria of change, to affirm one's place in this society. The pull here is not so much that of class, though certainly such a pull exists: around ninety percent of the Japanese think of themselves as middle-class. Yes, some are more middle-class than others, but the whole society is geared not towards increasing one's preciousness as an individual, but toward securing one's membership as part of the group. To buy goods which are too unique, too far out of reach of one's fellow Japanese, to proclaim one's special privilege, can make one feel isolated and disturb the intensely social Japanese sense of self. What is affirmed in the *depaatos* is the Japanese fascination with newness, with new codes of how to belong to the group, and one buys not because one feels inferior and must raise one's status, but because one belongs to society and should do everything possible to continue to

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belong. Japanese, perhaps even more than the French, are aesthetes. The need for the aesthetic must be satiated in the same way as one's hunger. The consumer impulse finds its impetus in a cultural machinery of beauty and nationalism rather than in class or individual consciousness.

As a *sansei,* a third generation Japanese-American, I feel less neurotic here, less need to compulsively buy. This may be because I lack the culture, the inbred social imperatives, of those around me. I do not share their fears and hungers, their compulsions. The commercials and advertisements are not designed for my desires, my American ego. I live more simply, more fastidiously, not out of a strong moral need but out of an absence of needs. Nothing religious, just a bit more content. Still, as I learn the language, as I live here longer, as the customs seep in, what will happen? Will I find myself with a new set of compulsions?

To walk through Shinjuku station—where two and a half million people pass through daily—out into the street, you go by thousands of impeccably and innovatively dressed young people. Later, of course, you realize that despite all the innovation, there are only a limited number of combinations, and that the women and men have about five basic sets of uniforms. You also realize that what seems innovative here is merely traditional, that the loose-flowing, baggy lines, whose cut seems to come from some futuristic, sci-fi sense of garb, or the part of punk that comes ballooned from cartoons, like David Byrne's oversized suit in the film *Stop Making Sense,* is merely a basic reworking of the fundamentals of the *kimono.* The clothing is cut for people who spend much of their time sitting cross-legged or kneeling, who live in a climate that is often insufferably humid and requires that clothes have air to breathe, people whose garb was first designed for work in the fields, the unconstrained stooping and squatting of a rice farmer. As others have observed, Japanese design is not linear and vertical, as in the West, and does not depend on left and right symmetry. It is horizontal, asymmetrical, round, formed in layers. Take the typical Tokyo collegiate uniform: the paisley shirt with a solid or striped cardigan pulled over it and the bottom of the shirt sticking out of the cardigan, spilling over the baggy, oversized, sometimes striped or checkered pants (the pant legs are generally rolled up)—this looseness of form and clash of patterns, while in one sense outrageously punk, seems totally appropriate to a Japanese sensibility; moreover, the fact that either a man or woman can wear this outfit is another example of the sexually undifferentiated *kimono* heritage.

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But what strikes you even more about this grand display of fashion on the streets of Shinjuku, these beautiful young men and women, whose every detail of appearance seems calculated, cool, colorful, and correct, is that this city is incredibly rich. If it lacks the extreme forms of wealth which appear in New York, Tokyo overcomes New York by the sheer numbers of its fashionably dressed. In part this is a product of what people here choose to spend their money on; for example, young unmarried women in Tokyo spend half their income on clothes (they are able to do this because most of them live at home). And of course, since Japan is a culture of aesthetes, the Japanese place far more value on surface, on beauty and appearance, than the depth-seeking, psychologically and morally conscious Americans. Like the French, the Japanese do not view fashion as the equivalent of the trivial or the immoral.

Still, this vocabulary of Miyake and Kenzo, Grass Men's and Men's Melrose, Galamond and Linea Fresca, the solid, luminescent reds, purples, and greens of Jun Saito, the "bad guy" look of Koichi Nagata, or the robe-like layers of Masayuki Abo, are more than names and images to spray across the pages of a fashion magazine, more than simple evidence of the Japanese cult of beauty. In their tendency to make an American suddenly feel that his own countrymen are too casually and sloppily dressed, the fashions of Tokyo reveal not just a change in fashion consciousness but a change in political power, a sense that the economic ground is shifting and that Japan is on the rise and America is in decline. Consequently the ways in which the elements of each culture are viewed, even seemingly static ones, such as the *kimono* or *samurai,* the cowboy or the jazz musician, are going to be changing in the next few years and decades.

About this state of affairs, I cannot help but feel a resentful sense of glee, an almost caricatured sense of revenge at the slights I've felt from American culture. Although ingrained with an American sensibility and identity, I feel little loyalty to the country as a political or economic power and even less sense of love for many types of its people, who are either ignorant of my place in America—whether as poet or *sansei* or intellectual—or have little use for what I am or what I represent. It is their smugness I hate, the way they feel they are at the center of the world. Only at the advent of something like the oil embargo or the glut of automobile imports, do they begin to suspect that everything best in the world is not American (much less white middle-class American). Of course, the Japanese also cling to a similar ethnocentric, xenophobic view of the

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world. For me, though, there is a crucial difference: I don't expect to fit in here, to become Japanese, and I was never told that I would be able to do so. Only in America was I told I could become a fellow countryman. Only in America was I told such a lie. (In dealing with my desire to be critical of America and uncritical of Japan, I need not necessarily try at first to push myself into a more balanced viewpoint. Obviously my anger and other complex negative emotions towards America, as well as my sudden love for Japan, both exist. What I need to do is explain why these feelings exist, what contradictions they represent or attempt to resolve, why I cannot help but feel otherwise. In such a situation the irrational may be the most revealing, if not the truest, and my belief in the objective, if given in to, might produce a chimeric resolution, a transcendence of my situation which I cannot, in actuality, accomplish.)

If the Parisian arcades were a product, an architectural eruption, of the age of iron, the technological advancement that announces the *depaatos* of Tokyo is the electronic—from the monstrous, prefabricated brilliance of the neon signs in Ginza, Shinjuku, or Ikebukuro, to the mechanical voices in stores, on elevators and escalators, singing "*irrashaimase*" ("welcome"), announcing sales, the goods to be bought on each floor; to the video advertisements in the shop windows or the wall of televisions at Parco, thrusting fashion models a dozen times over to the customer, to the giant Alta video screen, showing Madonna thirty feet high, to the credit card phones, the automatic doors in each store, the subway ticket machines, the buzzing and clanging and sirens of the video game and Pachinko parlors. And then there is the vast and Orientally-dense maze of electronic shops in Akihabara, where the world's most advanced electronic devices are sold, where one can buy virtually anything electrical, computer chips, irons, laser videos and tape recorders, *wapros* (word processors) that spit out both *kanji* (Chinese characters) and roman letters, and every size of plug or wire or battery that you can imagine (here, the great electric companies try out their latest products: if it doesn't make it in Akihabara, they immediately take the product off the market). One easily wonders, how soon before robots appear behind the shopping counters?

The modern historical sense views the past, and not only the distant past but also the recent past, as radically distinct from the present. There is a continuous belief that society is constantly changing. History becomes an endless mode of production, not only of saleable products but also of values, ideas, culture, even such basic concepts as the definition of the self or one's sense of time. On the

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other hand, in an age of conspicuous consumption and rapid technological change, where the immediate past is constantly jettisoned for the new, there is a concurrent reaching toward the more distant past, a movement born of nostalgia—which longs for a past erased of conflicting desires— and a collective need for psychic protection against the rapidity of change in the present. We want the past to save us from the immediate contradictions and problems of the moment, and we use seemingly timeless historical images to shroud prevailing questions of class. Current American examples of this phenomenon are the Metropolitan Museum's ahistorical exhibitions, "The Eighteenth-Century Woman" or the one on prerevolutionary Chinese fashions, and Ralph Lauren's recreations of the English country manor.

Perhaps because as a Japanese-American I've already come into contact with the ways Americans romanticize Japan (either through the Madame Butterfly geisha, or the martial arts, or especially since the sixties through Zen), I'm leary of the tourist view of exotic, ancient Japan. I'm constantly aware of how Japan's past is used to camouflage the chaos of the present, to erect a false unity. For example, there are the most expensive, newest, most brilliant *kimonos* in the best *depaatos,* as opposed to the stores where secondhand *kimonos* of sixty or seventy years can be bought at one-tenth the price: only the richest women can afford to wear what is both traditional and new. Then there is the way the culture seems to add onto the old, preserving rather than displacing it, keeping various remnants extant in almost identical versions: flower-arranging, tea ceremony, geishas, *Noh*, festivals, and so on. It attests to the Japanese belief that structure matters more than substance; if the structure is maintained, so is the essence. It does not matter whether the material or the participants are different. Thus, *Noh* is supposedly performed in the same manner as it was six hundred years ago, retaining not only the original stage design, dance movements and music, but also the language of the Muromachi period, which is considerably different from modern Japanese. Ise Shrine is rebuilt on an adjacent site every twenty years, but since the shrine's structure has been the same, the shrine itself is the same. And young women, in order to turn themselves into more suitable mates, practice tea ceremony or flower-arranging according to patterns that have been handed down for hundreds of years. Through such preservation the Japanese can assure themselves that, despite importing McDonald's or Sylvester Stallone, Japan is still Japan.

Then there is the ambiguous place of the warrior in twentieth-

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century Japanese history. It's obvious that the Japanese are, in one sense, engaged in denial, deliberately ignoring the scandal of World War Two and Japan's recent militant past: schoolbooks are revised so that the invasion of Korea becomes an "excursion"; movies or television shows about the military aspects of the war are rare, and, when they do appear, say more about present-day Japan than the fervent militarism of the war and the years just before it. Kon Ichikawa's recent film *The Harp of Burma,* for example, seems to portray a bunch of *sarareemen* (white-collar workers) who have somehow wandered into a World War Two movie. Yet at the same time, *samurai* dramas continue to appear on television and in movies, although with decreasing frequency, and the use of *samurai* in advertising and in the *manga* or adult comic books attests to the staying power of these feudal figures. This contradictory attempt at forgetting and remembering explains the paradoxical acknowledgement and banishment of a figure like Yukio Mishima (witness the recent exclusion of Paul Schrader's film on Mishima from the first Tokyo International Film Festival).

All of these remnants, the *kimono* and Mishima, along with the Japanese preservation of *Kabuki* and *Noh*, of the arts of the *shamisen* and *ikebana*, are fragments brought forth from a feudal past. The nostalgic cost of these remnants encourages the Japanese, with their democratic surface culture and heavily middle-class society, to identify themselves with the aristocracy of the past. This identification is particularly strong since the feudal code of manners and aesthetics permeated almost all of society here to a much greater sense than in Europe. And certainly the feudal legacy offers a huge barrier to any true restructuring of power in this country—the Japanese are notoriously apolitical and tend to take a peasant's view of their politics: it is something for the leaders to take care of (we do our jobs and those above us do theirs). While they seem to be better informed than Americans about other countries, the Japanese I've talked to display little interest in politics and will rarely discuss in casual conversation such topics as Japan's relationship to South Africa or Nakasone's attempt to increase the fairly minimal military spending. I have a feeling that the American use of political chat as a social binder, as a more interesting topic of communion than the weather, would seem both rude and uninteresting to most Japanese.

A curious contradiction, then, is set up: economically, the Japanese are and view themselves as mainly middle-class; politically, they have a peasant mentality, and culturally, they identify with the

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aristocracy. In this way the vestiges of feudal culture conceal the furious pace of the economic miracle, the myriad dislocations in the culture that have taken place in this postwar era.

But despite all this, the Japanese reverence for traditional cultural artifacts is more than merely an attempt to erase historical difference, to erect a "museum" culture. It is intrinsically part of the Japanese culture and character (the company as feudal society); preservation is not an attempt at the impossible, a refusal to recognize what is dying, but displays a mingling of past and present peculiarly Japanese which will survive in the same way temples have retained their structure, though not their material components, for hundreds of years. The "almost" of the duplication in Japanese aesthetics contains a conscious complexity that Diana Vreeland's worship of eighteenth-century France does not; for Japanese aesthetics does not place the value we do on the original, the primary source, and the proclamation of the copy is at once the open announcement of Japanese aesthetics and its hidden secret. This secret can come out at times in a parody whose irony centers not only on a particular target, but on the whole impossibility of exact imitation, of a "true" copy; examples of this would include "rough theater," a sort of burlesque version of *Kabuki,* the avant-garde dance form, *Buto,* and the seemingly deliberately pathetic quality of Japanese rock-and-roll. But whether seriously as in *Noh* or mockingly as in the distorted, grotesque movements of *Buto* with their *Noh*-like slowness, Japanese culture frequently seems to say: there is no original, there is only the copy. Things do not decay, the structure is preserved.

Such an attitude points to several crucial differences between Japanese and Western culture. First, the structuralist nature of the Japanese mind, which tends to break things down into combinable units, can be seen in the structure of *Noh,* the Japanese factory, and the use of prefabricated houses (there are no rehearsals in our Western sense for *Noh* plays; instead all the participants perform according to prearranged patterns, which fit together in performance: as a result there is no need for a director, just as there is no need for an architect in building a prefabricated house). Obviously, this attribute helps immensely in designing and implementing mass production, particularly as the objects of production become more and more abstract, as with electronics. Perhaps a culture which, unlike ours, values structure over substance may be much better suited mentally to a postindustrial age. Japan's past, compared with ours,

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may be more adaptable to the present age. Then there is the aesthetic and divided nature of the Japanese language (part pictorial and ideographic and part phonetic), a division which some say causes the Japanese to use the more intuitive, "artistic" right side of their brain in tasks where Westerners would use the more rational left side. One effect of this difference may be that the Japanese relate to time in a less linear way than Westerners, again creating a different relationship to the past. Thirdly, there is the Japanese tendency to displace the center or, more precisely, their ability to live most comfortably without a center, a characteristic which Westerners find maddening and incomprehensible. This tendency can be found in the Japanese sense of design and space: the Japanese house, for instance, is made of rooms whose shape and size can be shifted by removable *shojis* or paper doors. Similarly, in comparison to Westerners, the Japanese feel comfortable with a multiplicity of stimulae rather than a single source; this ability is shown in the wide space dividing the *Bunraku* narrator and musicians from the puppets and puppeteers (you cannot look at both in one glance), and in the frequent appearance on television of writing not directly connected with what is happening on the screen. With such a tolerance for a lack of center, the Japanese may feel less contradiction than a Westerner when confronted with, say, a display combining traditional *raku* bowls and record album covers with Cindy Lauper sprouting her wild punk plumage.

In short, I constantly feel the need here to entertain the possibility that Japanese culture may somehow lie eccentric to Western structures of thought, including my own. Admittedly, there is something deadly conservative and repressive about the museum-like aspect of Japanese culture, but it may also be that this seemingly sepulchral quality partially stems from our notion of time as linear, as a progression of deletion and replacement, whereby one artifact or tradition completely effaces and replaces those of the previous era (a concept shared by capitalists and Marxists). Couldn't one just as well imagine a culture where those art forms and objects from the past would retain the same vitality and connections to people's lives that any creation of the present possesses? Does the Japanese preservation of supposedly "dead" or "unevolving" forms, such as *Kabuki* or tea ceremony or *Noh,* represent something other than a museum culture? What if the grounds or walls of the museum spread out until they cover almost the whole of society?

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How then are we to view the propensity of Japanese culture to preserve outmoded mediums and genres, to find at its center the preservation of static, "traditional" or lifeless forms? How are we to explain that Japanese culture at the same time seems to be like a museum and to repudiate the idea of a museum? Perhaps this peculiar quality results in part from an incredibly quick shift from a feudal age to postindustrial capitalism. Because of the swiftness of this transformation, because of the seeming absence of a bourgeois revolution, the Japanese reverence for the traditional may in part represent an unconscious desire to forget historical change, a denial of the rapid advent of capitalism here. Furthermore, because what is feudal lies so close in terms of actual time, and because the native aesthetic is both preservative and structural, the ability to preserve the past and its artifacts is quite extensive and has resulted in a culture with as many museum pieces as contemporary pieces. Already, though, this moment is passing. To Japanese youth, MacArthur, much less the Meijii restoration or the Tokugawa shogunate, is ancient history, at least compared to the latest rock star, whether from Japan or America. Admittedly the preservation of historical forms is greater here in Japan than in the West, but *Kabuki* and particularly *Noh* are not objects of mass adoration; baseball is more popular than *sumo*. At any event, that moment at which the artifacts of the "museum" were rigorously equivalent to those of the modern age, a trait which Japanologists have attributed to the preservative nature of Japanese culture, does have its historical and materialist origins, and this is seen partially in the passing or fading of that equivalency.

Finally in Japan, I sense the falseness of all the reports I have read of this country, of their utter inability to convey the reality of the moments I am living through. Partially, this is a result of the rapid social and economic changes here. On the other hand, it is also due to the ideological blinders in the very systems of writing employed by most writers on Japan, blinders which are a product of the aim of their discourse and their particular place in the production of discourse. Such writers illustrate a familiar contradiction: the more people you want to communicate to, the more your descriptions must be ideologically palatable and conform to your reader's expectation of what Japan should be. Japan, for a Westerner, can be viewed as the eccentric and unthinkable future. It is the system, the country, we could never construct. It is a prediction, a science fic-

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tion. As such it is a mirror, a glimpse, of our own contradictions, the arbitrariness of our own systems of thought, our very existence. It belittles our stereotypes, our view of ourselves at the center of the world, our naturalness, our intoxicated individuality. It transforms our present into the unrecognizable, makes the hidden of our present visible. It is the future. It exists now.

Coming in

Partisan Review

- Amos Oz on Nazi Power and Jewish Resistance
- Fiction by Sergei Dovlatov
- René Wellek on Hayden White
- An Interview with Czeslaw Milosz
- Vassily Aksyonov on *Glasnost*
- Pearl K. Bell on Kate Chopin and Sarah Orne Jewett
- Raymond Aron: *A Memoir*
- *Orwell and Waugh* by George Watson
- Nathan Glazer on Life in the Bronx
- Eugene Goodheart: *Desire and Its Discontents*
- Steven Marcus on Ernest Hemingway
- Fiction by Isaac Bashevis Singer

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Marta Halpert

AUSTRIAN LETTER

Moshe Lazar likes to take a stroll after the Shabbat morning prayers before going home for *kiddush*. Last week only two of his five children joined him. They attended the services in one of Vienna's ten *stieblach*. The three walked from the second district, which before World War II housed the majority of Austrian Jews, to the heart of town. In their dark blue hats and dark blue suits, but without beards or sidelocks, they passed the famous St. Stephan's Cathedral, turned into posh Kärntnerstrasse with its classy shops and exclusive boutiques, and approached the Neuer Market, with its beautiful fountain, a meeting place of youngsters. Several skinheads in black leather outfits were hanging around. *"Juda verrecke"* ("Perish, Jew"), they shouted in unison. Moshe Lazar heard it and ignored it. His eleven-year-old son said: "Papa, do you hear what they're shouting?" "Yes, my son. Don't pay any attention. They're drunk," he replied.

"You know, I don't want to implant fear in the child," says Moshe Lazar, answering my question, as to why he gave this explanation to the boy. "This is the very first time this has happened to me. But you know, we religious ones are used to being looked at all over the world. It is not peculiar to Vienna." In the next sentence he tells of bomb threats that same day at the city's two Jewish schools. "But I don't know if this should be published," he adds uneasily.

This happens in the Austrian capital on a sunny Saturday morning in 1987, just six months before March 13, 1988, the fiftieth anniversary of the *Anschluss,* the day Austria was annexed to Hitler's Third Reich.

While the government, various ministries and academic bodies are preparing special parliamentary sessions, symposia, public meetings to commemorate this tragic event, according to the latest Gallup poll forty-two percent of the population under the age of thirty have no associations whatsoever with this date. One and a third million Austrians in their teens and twenties have no idea of their country's tragic past, which their parents or grandparents experienced painfully on either side of the fence.

The eighteen months since the Waldheim affair that led to the outbreak of anti-Semitic feelings have not disillusioned Moshe Lazar

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and his religious friends. The disillusionment has occurred among Jews who felt totally accepted by their fellow-Austrians. And to a certain extent they had good reason for their dignified acceptance: there was no politically or socially approved or even tolerated anti-Semitism. If something is taboo for a long period, you tend to believe that it has vanished altogether.

The approximately 12,000 Jews in Austria (some 6,000 are registered with the community; the other 6,000 include about 3,000 from the Soviet Union, and the rest have various reasons not to be members of the *Israelitische Kultusgemeinde,* far from a homogeneous entity. The approximately 2,000 "genuine" Austrian Jews, meaning those born in Austria before World War II, comprise the oldest segment of the community. Either they survived the Holocaust in hiding in Austria, or returned from their various places of exile for cultural and sentimental reasons. The majority of today's community was recruited from the extermination and Displaced Persons (DP) camps and from the many refugee waves from Eastern Europe: from Hungary in 1948 and 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968, and Poland and Romania at various times. These refugees and their children, who enjoyed the privileges of an Austria flourishing after the war, had no reason to feel discriminated against. Schooling was excellent and anybody could have a professional career.

Of course, there was backlash from time to time: Kreisky and his Middle East policy were upsetting, but this kind of thing was endurable in a climate of material abundance and Viennese *Gemütlichkeit.* The polarization now visible in Austrian public and political life with the discussion about President Waldheim's past has made the whole country consider its relationships to this topic. The process has brought mental relief. Now you can tell friends from foe. "Views within the Jewish community have also become polarized. If this development continues, it may even result in a rift," says Paul Grosz, president of the Jewish Communities of Austria. Despite his deep concern about the community, Grosz, who was born in Vienna in 1925 and survived the Holocaust because his mother was a converted Jewess and he was considered an Aryan, sees something positive in recent developments.

"Many young people on the political left who were born Jewish but never identified with their people are now flocking to us," he says. "They are searching for their roots, they want to learn about their religion. They have organized a 'Jewish Forum,' which meets every week at the *Tuv Ta'am* kosher pizzeria."

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"This is happening at the socially lower but intellectual level," says Grosz. "At the other extreme, we have some well-to-do, bourgeois Jews, who sympathize with the Austrian People's Party [the one that supported Waldheim's candidacy], who have little contact with community affairs. They corroborate those Austrians who wishfully think there is no anti-Semitism."

Grosz, a furrier who has been president of the community for only six months, wants it to represent all Jews. "The majority are elderly. We have to integrate the Soviet Jews, most of whom are Sephardim, in order to guarantee our survival. It sounds grotesque, but the Russian Jews, among them some who have even returned from the U.S., Canada or Israel, say they feel *heimisch* in Austria because it is closest in character to the Soviet Union. The bureaucracy, the mentality make them feel at home here," Grosz explains with an undertone of bitterness.

Before the Holocaust, nearly 200,000 Jews lived in Vienna. Hundreds of Jewish shops and forty-eight synagogues were destroyed in the *Kristallnacht* of November 9 and 10, 1938. Today, the renovations of the Stadttempel in the Seitenstettengasse, established in 1826, is being prepared for the historic year of 1988. This is the only synagogue that "survived" *Kristallnacht,* because its facade looked like an ordinary house and the Nazis could not distinguish it as a synagogue.

Only one Jewish family, the father a physician, has left for Israel in reaction to the latest upsurge of anti-Jewish feeling. The religious people say their situation has not worsened. And Grosz says he remains optimistic. "As president of the Jewish community you have to be an optimist. But I feel that the recent developments represent a historic chance that Austria will come to terms with its past, that it will accept the bad things and react positively, and stop pushing the unpleasant truth aside. The Jews have to share the blame for this development. They have joined the Austrians for the past forty years in saying, 'Don't let the past interfere with our present.' We have a duty as Jews and as Austrians to take a stand in order to be able to live in the present." Grosz, who doesn't belong to any political party (he describes himself as "center-left") and who is not religious himself, has proven that some Jews have learned a lesson from the past.

When Orthodox Jews were molested in the streets following the criticism of the papal decision to receive Kurt Waldheim, he identified with them and publicly protested the manifestations. And it

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helped. Many Austrians who would never have known of the molestation felt they had to react: the community received loads of letters expressing dismay and disgust by those who dissociated themselves from their fellow citizens.

United States Ambassador Ronald S. Lauder, who came in April 1986 and left his post last October, turned out to be of great moral and monetary support to the community. The son of the founder of the Estee Lauder cosmetic company, he came at a delicate time. Kurt Waldheim had just been inaugurated as president, and Lauder's strong Jewish feelings were a great obstacle to his reception by the media. Nevertheless, he could not be discouraged from waging war against historical amnesia. Conscious of the fragility of the Jewish communities in Europe and the need to address their special concerns, he took up the question of Austrian Jewry with the government and obtained its willing cooperation in promoting a program addressing the issues of anti-Semitism and the welfare of the Jewish community.

Through his personal inspiration and philanthropic commitment, Lauder helped fund a school for children of the Habad movement, made up mainly of Russian Jews, and he is now engaged in establishing a religious and cultural center for their parents. He has facilitated contacts and communication between private American organizations and the Austrian government on human rights issues and on questions of Jewish concern. Lauder has not confined himself to Austrian Jewry. A great lover and sponsor of art, he has worked with the Hungarian government and contributed lavishly to the restoration of one of Budapest's great synagogues. In addition he has initiated a program to assist the small and largely destitute remnants of the small Jewish community of Cracow.

The Vienna Foundation established by Lauder will provide scholarships to encourage Austrian-American high school exchanges, bringing groups of students to each other's homes. He also established a youth program in cooperation with B'nai B'rith to address special problems of European-Jewish youth. "The Foundation will be dedicated to helping the minorities of Europe to meet today's needs—but will also go beyond in promoting their growth and their future. My intention is an assault on prejudice through information and cultural activities. I want to fight popular ignorance and amnesia which is still the basis for so much hate," says Lauder.

The incisive realizations of the past eighteen months have led to the conclusion that if you want to go on living as a Jew in Austria,

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you have to do so without illusions and without self-deception. One should regard as allies those Austrians who in recent months have spoken openly and who have neither political party interests nor affiliations; the sensitive few felt that the political and social climate had reached a limit they no longer could tolerate. Many of these have learned to walk upright out of conviction.

One should strengthen those people between the ages of thirty and forty who went to the wholesale flower market and bought white roses to distribute in front of the synagogue to the "Jews we want to have among us." Those young journalists who initiated a poster-campaign against the anti-Semitic deputy mayor of Linz, Carl Hoedl, deserve Jewish support. Furthermore, one should recognize cultural contributions in this city. In reaction to the Waldheim affair, the renowned Viennese *Burg theater* and the Kreis theater group have been producing plays dealing with the hideous past and its consequences. For the polarization within Austrian society sparked by the Waldheim affair has, volcano-like, spat out the bad—and clearly shown the good.

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MODERN DOCUMENT

The following remarks by Louis Zukofsky to Ezra Pound, which appear in a volume of correspondence between them, just published by New Directions, are interesting as observations of Partisan Review *by the two poets*, as well as reflections of the period in which they were made.*

Dec. 7/37 41 W. 11 st N.Y.C.

Dear E: Murkin contract for your 5th Decade, O.K., will be glad to get copy in time.

I thought you didn't like Trotsky. So why recommend me Partisan Rev[iew].? In any case, I doubt if they'll put forth more than one issue. The day of the little magazine is definitely *over.* Nobuddy sees even a commercial venture like *Globe* anywhere around—not even in Brentano's which has damn near everything—not to mention *Partisan.* Seein' as you might appreciate a fact, *if* you can see it—were here to see it—the battle as far as the mag. field is concerned is between Universities old style & the newly "enlightened" factions in 'em. Old Nick & his ilk & the trustees will support Harpers etc, & the younger professors concerned with economick etc will make a go of *Science & Society, Marxist Quarterly, New Masses.* Lost on the fringe of things the younger litterati who don't know nuthin & have less guts & less conviction will hang on to corrup the latter (New Masses or Daily Worker etc) or break away if they can't make pin money & form cliques etc which will come to naught anyway. . . .

What I need, & I wdn't mention it except that you persist in recommending me gristle, not even a bone, like Partisan Rev. is a *Reputable Bourgeois Publisher.* . . .

Z.

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*Zukofsky seems to be responding to a Pound letter that has not survived.

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FICTION

José Donoso

CURFEW

In this chapter of José Donoso's Curfew, *the left-wing folksinger Mañungo Vera is walking through residential Santiago with a girlfriend he hasn't seen for over a decade. It is January 6, 1985, the day after the death of Matilde Neruda, Pablo Neruda's widow. Mañungo has come back to Chile, despite the Pinochet regime, because he has lost his aesthetic, political, and psychological moorings after twelve years of expatriation in Paris.*

He returns to find a society governed by despair and fear, where the proceedings of everyday life are a surrealist charade. Mañungo attends Matilde's wake, discovers the resentments, idealizations, and condemnations he has accumulated while living abroad, and ends up on a bizarre mission with Judit Torre Fox, a Santiago blueblood turned left-wing radical, who has been tortured and is now seeking revenge. Yet even this quest ends in frustration and despair.

In less than twenty-four hours the entire novel takes place in the time between Matilde Neruda's wake and her funeral the following day—the reader is immersed in a society grinding itself to pieces, where hatred and vengeance are the mainsprings of life.

Caleutun, metamorphosis; *che,* people. In the old language, now forgotten, like the names of the gods and the volcanos, *Caleutunche,* which means "transformed or changed people," may well be the origin of the word *Caleuche.*[1] As a boy, Mañungo would stand on the sweet, green coasts of the archipelago and stare at the storm-

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Editor's Note: This is excerpted from the forthcoming book *Curfew* by José Donoso and translated by Alfred MacAdam, with permission of the publisher Weidenfeld and Nicolson. *La Desesperanza* (Barcelona: Editorial Seix Barral) Copyright © 1986 by José Donoso. Translation Copyright © by Wheatland Corporation.

1. The myths and legends of the Chiloe archipelago alluded to here are explained in Nicasio Tangol's *Chiloe: archipielago magico, mitos y leyendas,* vol. 10 of the series "Nostros los Chilenos" (Santiago: Editora Nacional Quimantu, 1972).

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heralding fog, dreaming of the lights on the "ship of art," the *Caleuche,* which was manned by a crew of wizards who would take him away and transform him into someone else. Artist and wizard were synonyms for the island people of Chiloé, for whom the term meant those who practiced seduction, revenge, and metamorphosis.

Now that Mañungo had returned to Chile, had the wizards changed him back into himself? Was he also this man? Or was this street redolent with honeysuckle and jasmine only a mirage experienced by someone he hadn't yet become?

He was not perplexed simply because he was with Judit or because, after walking a few blocks south, they fell into step with each other, their conversation adapting to the echo of their footsteps in a night that might lead them anywhere. Rather, it was more like the confusion he'd felt standing at his window in Paris on Rue Servandoni, his anxiety at trying to superimpose the leaden clouds of Achao on the sky of Paris. Here it was the green vigor of those streets, a vigor fertilized by the dew—a place where leaves rot under magnolia branches, where dogs howl from wet lawns behind iron fences, where drops of spray hang from the hedges, and the ylang-ylang hugs the length of the street until the extravagance of its scent displaces the smell of the hot, recently hosed-down sidewalk. All this took hold of his emotions, preventing him from summoning up his nostalgia so he could reconstruct Paris for Judit, as she was asking him to do. Or at least that's what he wanted to believe she was asking, rather than for the details of his life, the part of it that was not blared out in the media. He thought she wanted to know, for example, what he thought he might do once time had pushed Matilde from center stage in his emotions, what he'd be then, how, where, and transformed into whom.

Walking from the Costanera to Providencia, taking refuge under the old trees along the streets lined with pompous mansions, Mañungo was unable to use Paris as a way to avoid revealing too much about himself. Instead, he reeled off a census of places enhanced by their prestigious names, trying not to remember the hands that had hidden in his own during nocturnal walks after love-making—a time when he particularly liked to stroll, from Rue Servandoni to Rue Monsieur-le-Prince and Rue de Seine. At first he lived it all completely, scarcely believing that this enthusiasm could make him forget what had happened in his country. They lived here, they live here, I'm living here until I decide otherwise, along Rue de Seine under Sartre's window—he may even be writing up there now,

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behind that closed shutter where you can see a little light shining through.

The truth is that even if people believed the opposite—and back when he had to sacrifice everything to his politicized image, he preferred not to explain this insignificant fraud—he had not named his son Juan Pablo after Neruda, but after Sartre. As a university student, he'd stayed up night after night reading Sartre in his boarding house, so absorbed that he didn't hear the rats coming up from the river to gnaw at the shingles on the roof. Marx, yes, he'd read the necessary dose. He leaned more toward Bakunin and Lenin. But most of all, he read Sartre, with his questioning of the changing certainties of youth, the residue of which Mañungo had almost forgotten because of the alienating effect of his career. Sartre, with whose words he had fertilized the Chiloé dirt from which he'd sprung.

On the other hand, who the hell was this Mr. Thayer-Ojeda, whose name honored this street darkened by so many interlocked branches? Who could Thayer-Ojeda be? Perhaps an honest minister in some remote government, maybe no more than a pompous, white-whiskered judge now forgotten by everyone except those who liked to stroll at night, illuminated by the car that turns the corner and then abandons the silhouettes of Mañungo and Judit to the foliage of these elms heavy with sleeping birds. How could Mr. Thayer-Ojeda help resolve Mañungo's confusion?

This was another Mañungo. He was not the same man who watched in rain on Rue Servandoni, the tempest of tinnitus torturing his ears, hearing instead the rain on the houses built over the water, where his mother had died in a tidal wave shortly after giving birth. These days there were barely enough of those houses over the water to illustrate the postcards his father would send him every year from Chiloé. But since the past is not usually one's own experience, but rather experience refracted through the memory of others, Mañungo relived through the memory of don Manuel his mother's cadaver, glowing with lampreys and crowned with algae and kelp, and the way they pulled it out of the cove the night after the disaster.

That was when a town with plank catwalks under which the moon swelled the tides stood on posts driven into the silt at the foot of the Castro Hills. There were stores that sold what people needed, products brought over in launches to the doors of the shops by the natives who had caught, salted, hunted or gathered them, then dried, cured, or roasted them in the aromatic blue smoke of their patios. In that village of weathered shingles, which he had never

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known because it had disappeared in the fire after the tidal wave, Mañungo began; he was finished long before they turned the corner of Calle Hernando de Aguirre, where they were blinded by the headlights of a car that stopped and went dark. Judit halted. She pulled Mañungo into the shadows and huddled close to him. They felt like reflections of the real couple getting out of the car, like figures fleetingly suggested by smoke. Judit's hand fumbled in her bag even though the car was neither a Mercedes nor blue; it wasn't twelve yet; this street was not Las Hortensias. When the two passengers disappeared into the house, Judit closed her bag and said, "Let's go."

She slung her bag over her shoulder, and they set out again. Where are we going, Mañungo asked himself. He sensed a purpose in Judit's step, although it might be nothing more than a desire to get lost. The fire had left only a fringe of shacks on poles over the water—he told her, making an effort not to talk about Paris—and one store, don Basilio's. The fire hadn't touched it, people said, because don Basilio, who served several wizards, had given his beautiful daughter to the *Caleuche,* and that ship of art, whose white sails and golden masts went on shining in the island people's imaginations, would make her immortal as a reward for participating in their festivities.

The singer embarked on that ship along with the other wizards, with Pablo and Matilde as principal passengers, to say nothing of many other illustrious figureheads. Mañungo made music for visiting Bulgarian poets or Cuban actresses, or to celebrate an election victory or to welcome senators returning from a meeting in Budapest, while splendid women in low-cut gowns whirled wildly through rigadoons. Fausta danced in the *Caleuche* despite her years, a highly colored figurehead, eager to share in the party because anyone who dances there never gets old.

A survivor deeply rooted in reality, she now busied herself collecting Nerudian detritus: Mañungo had heard don Celedonio talking about it in the patio at the wake. He knew about the obstacles facing the Pablo Neruda Foundation. Many Chileans stuck in Paris cafés commented sorrowfully—because of their respect for the bard, because they chose to repudiate the regime, because they themselves would benefit—of their disgust with the idea that the project could get bogged down in a sordid political vendetta. Nevertheless, in the sad, committed buzz of the exiles, who neither pardon nor forget, but who know that the cards they're talking about are being dealt at

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tables quite different from the ones in their garrulous cafés, Mañungo found at least a few elements with which to make an identity. Anger, for one, and nostalgia, and the impossibility of forgiving. These formed a shared vocabulary, a temporary *lingua franca.*

This scanty identity, the product of the rage that inflamed his reason each time new abuses were revealed, helped him not to lose track of himself while he constructed a new identity out of elements different from the stares of others. Thus he did not have to remain stupidly mute next to a woman who expected more from him than his shadow on the iron fence palings and bushes they passed. From a high, lighted window they heard a radio playing, and a block later someone was singing the same song as he watered a lawn—a sad song, as sad as all things destined to be sung for a single summer. How hard it was, in a situation like this, to assume either the anguished group identity of those in foreign cafés or the identity of the passenger on the ship of art, which, floating up from the depths of a collective memory, still dazzled his own.

The only truth was the dubious present of his stroll along this shadowed street, named after a gentleman Judit remembered as having been secretary of the Conservative Party when her own grandfather was vice president. Before crossing to the opposite corner, where a streetlight counterfeited yellow blossoms on a bush, they fell silent, staring from the edge of the sidewalk, trying to peer into the shadows, where a figure was moving around among the acanthus plants. A child. A strange gnome in the vegetation. Perhaps it was a hunchback, yes, he seemed deformed. Judit did not take her eyes off the figure.

"What are you staring at?" whispered Mañungo.

"Nothing."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

They heard the sound of roller skate wheels on the pavement, deafening in the silence, and then the dwarf came forward, sliding along, short and muffled, pulling a wagon full of newspapers and boxes up to the group of garbage bags at the next house. As he dug through them under the trees, a dog barked insanely behind the iron fence. But the dwarf scavenger paid no attention, went on with his work, and then slid away on his deafening skates. The dog quieted down behind the hedge that his frantic run was stripping of leaves. The scavenger skated on to the next pile of trash bags. An automo-

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bile crossed the intersection, stopping for a second because it didn't have the right of way, and bathed the figure in light. Neither a dwarf nor a child: a sinister being, amputated below the waist, mounted on a skateboard, an amputee with a scarf wrapped around his neck and a fedora pulled down over one eye. The car passed by. The garbage picker went his way, checking bags and looking nervously from one side to the other, as if afraid he'd be caught in the act.

"Is that against the law too?" Mañungo asked.

"No, but this block must not be his territory. He must be on edge because the ones who own this street will probably kick his ass for him."

"And who decides who gets which street?"

"They do it among themselves, I suppose. They follow their own laws—certain poor neighborhoods get certain rich neighborhoods, I think, or it's done among buddies. They say there are cases where people pay to pick through the garbage in good neighborhoods. But they guard their territory jealously. See how nervous he is? Don César should not be on this block. His territory is one block up. What a pig! Wait a minute, stay here. I have to talk to him."

Judit crossed the street to say hello to the amputee, who had dragged his wagon to the corner exactly opposite them. She shook hands with him, and this bothered Mañungo. Wasn't there a menace in all this? Didn't people say that with so much unemployment the city had become dangerous, and that people would murder you for a crust of bread or a few pesos? No, he calmed down. For a cripple like that, all you could feel was pity. But the time of night was starting to make him uncomfortable: it was eleven, Mañungo saw by his watch, one hour before curfew, when everyone, victims of the artificial schedule imposed on them, began to scurry around to take refuge in the first available hole.

How did Judit know this monster? Why did she shake hands with him? Why did there seem to exist between them a relationship that went beyond charity? Mañungo waited for her, keeping his eyes open for the dangers he assumed were concealed nearby. But what dangers? What was there to fear from this grotesque figure that ended in what looked like a platter on a skate? Had his Europeanization become so complete that he was afraid of Judit's contact with that fragment of a man, who looked, with his jaunty hat, his elegant mustache, and his rags, like the caricature of a pimp? Judit was carrying his black plastic bag, which she threw over her shoulder as she listened to what seemed to be the amputee's advice.

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When he reached the curb on the other side of the street, the cripple, with an admirably dexterous motion, took his skateboard out from under his body, put it on the sidewalk, and with an economic, precise push with both hands, sprang up onto the platter. Propelling himself with one hand on the ground and making a racket with his skate wheels behind Judit, he advanced toward the block where he had the right to scavenge. No, this was not some nobody. He deserved more than pity, Mañungo reflected, watching Judit give him back his bag and say goodbye.

"Who was that?" asked Mañungo, listening to the fading sound of the skate wheels.

"A friend."

A friend, nothing else. Mind your own business. Don't ask. Don't touch me because things can only go so far and then I slam the door in your face. No intimacy. No sharing secrets. Who was that? A friend. But that friend was don César, a horrible outgrowth of this urban night mutilated by the curfew. Who did you become, Judit Torre, after our first year of university? Who, to choose such grotesque friends? Mind your own business. Leave me alone. It's my affair, you say. In those vehement times, she'd identified herself with a dynamic element in the Communist Youth, which embodied her confused desire to be put in order from the outside because she couldn't do it from within. She followed all the commandments: you had to be optimistic and gregarious, and enthusiastic; disdain the exquisite, intellectual bourgeoisie; reject psychologizing, Europeanist, aesthetic depressions; venerate great drinkers, eaters, and lovers to serve as a mirror and stimulus to the working class and thus prepare for the advent of the revolution.

That's where he had left her: the most submissive militant, she, Judit Torre, the most attractively arrogant girl Mañungo had ever met. Nevertheless, at night, in his arms, her marvelous jaw rigid and her too-clear eyes red with stupid tears, she confessed she didn't know what she was doing. Split in two? four? or sixteen? She gave him only the scrap of her body which she did not succeed in relating to herself, leaving Mañungo outside the tangle of her feminine failure. Wasn't that what her revolutionaries denounced as a decadent bourgeois problem?

When Mañungo left for San Francisco to sing in the concert Joan Baez had organized in support of North Vietnam, Judit was at the University of Antofagasta, agitating for the election of aldermen before the general election. Mañungo received the invitation with-

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out warning, as an urgent request; they had no time to say goodbye, or discuss a future they might or might not share. She declared she was not ready to disrupt a collective project, the Antofagasta plan, for sentimental matters they could resolve over the telephone.

Later Mañungo wrote to her from abroad. She did not answer. He wrote again, more insistently, when he found out she'd left the Communist Party to join a group whose crazy revolutionary activism was typical of the youth of her generation. He asked her to explain how, for what purpose, why, since her reasons might help him get beyond his own rejection of patterns. She did not answer this letter either, and for twelve years Mañungo did not know who Judit Torre was.

As they walked under the trees, Judit periodically pointed out the silhouettes of boys emerging from the corners of the night, mute shadows, ancient ghosts, a bearded elder, all bent over garbage bags or pulling wagons or pedaling fantastic bicycles or improvised tricycles that quickly vanished in the vegetation or were pierced like pictures in a slide-show by the headlights of passing cars. The helter-skelter movement of these scavengers increased, their vehicles became more fantastic, their faces more deformed, their rags more ragged, and their loads more and more like huge pies piled high with booty as the curfew hour approached and the streets emptied.

The scavengers would soon stampede in order to avoid the patrols that would chase them away. This was the "green ghetto" of the privileged classes, she explained, as if Mañungo didn't remember; a neighborhood that was emotionally charged with whispers, but was, at the same time, besieged by slums a hundred times larger and more hostile, a world that grew outward, threatening to extinguish all this self-absorbed greenery.

The tattered humanity rummaging in the garbage was merely the silent advance guard that nightly entered this bastion to reclaim the spoils, that, for the time being, was its part of the banquet. Shadows torn from fear and guilt, bent figures dragging phantasmagorical strollers, coughing, worn out, spitting blood, astride bicycles with sidecars, old people tugging platforms mounted on different-sized wheels discarded from other vehicles, children pushing carts, disappeared furtively around corners or blended with an immobile tree trunk, or dissolved in an alley, while Judit and Mañungo, hand in hand, passed street after street kept awake by the fragrant breeze.

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Angry dogs occasionally barked from behind the palings.

"Shut up, Czar!" shouted Judit to a Doberman growling itself hoarse.

"Do you know him?"

"No."

"Why did you call him Czar, then?"

"So many of these dogs are named Czar! They're vicious."

"This one might be nice if he weren't so spooked by the darkness."

Judit approached the fence. The dog, gone berserk from smelling a female, barked as he ran around the well-watered garden. *Czar!, Czar!,* Judit taunted him, moving even closer, dangling her handbag before the animal's nose from the other side of the fence that separated her from his bloody rage and the heat of his breath, her hand just a few inches from his impotent jaws. Mañungo was about to say: Careful, Judit, he could tear off your hand with one bite, look at the power of those jaws, the shining teeth. . . . But his warning would be useless. No matter how strong the beast might be he still couldn't knock down the iron fence and sink his teeth into Judit's throat. Hateful and mocking, she swung her handbag, singing him lullabies, whispering to him, almost touching his nose as he snorted and writhed. She laughed at him and his rage, tantalized him; torture turned into play.

Mañungo felt that Judit took danger as the raw material for play. He feared for her, particularly since this imbalance afflicted him as well, and for the first time that night, he felt not unlike the dog, wanting Judit. He needed to make love to her, as he had needed to long ago, but now with a certain sadness because they were all so broken—above all this woman, who was condemned even by the games she played. Czar jumped, howled, beside himself with fury. Mañungo took Judit by the elbow to pull her away, but she refused to budge. Only when he spun her around by force could he see that her face was wet with tears.

"Judit!" he exclaimed, genuinely shocked, and then he embraced her.

She allowed herself to be embraced, kissed, and touched, sobbing, and then she embraced and kissed in turn, seeking Mañungo's lips the way someone in pain seeks an anesthetic, not the way someone seeks love. The animal, a few inches from their tangled bodies, mocked them by growling, jumping, and biting the air. Czar! Czar!

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His name echoed off the walls, voices ordering him to attack: a woman's scream. Which of the five women was it, while, naked and hooded in her cell, she waited for the torturer who never came? *Czar!* urged the voices, and the well-trained dog jumped on one of them, Judit explained to Mañungo as she stared at the pavement distorted by her tears, but no one knew on which of the five: they never talked about it. It's as if they wanted to share the pain and dilute it by not resolving that mystery. The barking mixes with the laughter and masculine bravado cheering Czar's triumph, pure brutality, words of terror echoing empty because of the absence of eroticism, sexuality supplanted by the fear that finally they are coming for her by order of the man with the nasal voice who exempted her. Hours immobile in the cold. Naked. Blind inside the hood. The wet, cold, greasy wall stuck to her back. The gag suffocates her. She's waiting for Czar. On the other side of the walls, the men treat the dog as an equal, congratulating him for his prowess as a don Juan. *Czar!* First faint, then gone completely, Czar's barking remains fenced off, part of the block they leave behind.

Translated from the Spanish by Alfred MacAdam

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Yves Navarre

TOFIGH

I am thirteen years old. My name is Tofigh. I was born in the forests of the North, at Ghaemshahr. My father was arrested in the Shah's time. Imprisoned. My mother took us away. There were seven of us with her, I was the fourth. We lived behind a wall, under the branches, not far from the prison, at the north exit of Teheran. After the revolution, the prison became a barracks, a barracks where prisoners were again shut in, other faces at first, then the same as before, I'm not sure anymore. We didn't see my father again. I'll find him again someday. I have a story to tell him. I'm a grownup. Because I have a story to tell him.

At Ghaemshahr there was a school. I had just time to learn how to read and write. In Teheran I learned only how to hide and speak. We went into the center of the city only on the days of big demonstrations, when crowds were ordered. Shouting would come then, would call us, we were allowed to go. I saw hangings. I saw. I saw the bazaar windows. Every morning, for years, I have seen a dust rise in a cloud over the city. The sky begins to stagnate for the day. The sun is wiped out. My mother spends hours, with my three sisters, at the watering place waiting a turn. We lived on anything that wasn't dust. My two older brothers vanished in the garbage dump in the Ghadika district. My sisters never leave my mother. My mother no longer leaves her chador. Reza, my little brother, was my soldier. They didn't want him at the barracks, when I signed up, because he was only seven and you had to be at least the size of a gun. There were a hundred, two hundred, or more of us. The first two days we could wash and eat. At fourteen, I was the oldest. Colonel Nasr came to talk to us. We had become soldiers and we should consider the "guardians of the revolution" as our fathers, "fathers" who would one day become our brothers. I was named section leader because I was the tallest. On the third day some trucks took us away toward the south. Qom, Khorramabad, Dezfoul. I saw the country. Immense flocks grazed on places where tanks and artillery guns covered with camouflage nettings were parked. I saw antiair-

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craft gun barrels sticking up out of wheat fields that the peasants were harvesting. I saw. I saw my country. I saw the camp where there were a thousand, two thousand or more of us. All we had for uniforms were the neckerchiefs the soldiers gave us. Gray. Two knots, at the front. And left hanging. I had the only gun in the section. We had all fired, once. The ones with dislocated shoulders weren't at evening call. We slept by sections, on the ground, on the earth, like pencils. For five days, around the barracks, they trained us for combat with wooden guns. Not even that. With pieces of wood. But it was somewhere else. It was the country. I'd have done anything. I would stare at the soldiers. None of them was my father. I would have recognized him, by his eyes. By that look when he came home from the forests, waited while we made a circle and knelt in the middle of us. The bowls would pass from hand to hand, the nine bowls of the Tofigh family. Even Reza, a baby, we would feed him with our fingers. My father would look at us and give the signal to eat. It is that look, unique, that I looked for. The soldiers used to say, "It won't be long now." They laughed.

"The war is being pursued and we will pursue it to victory." That's what we learned to sing all together as we marched. Like a religious song, chanted. On the ninth day the soldiers seemed proud of us. I even got the impression I was considered one of them, quite special. Some gave us cigarettes. Others made us write letters to our parents. For my mother's address, I made a drawing of the corner of the wall and, with a dotted line, the exact way to go so that someone from the barracks back there could take the message and not mistake the branches. In the letter this is about what I said: "Dear Reza. It is to you, the head of the family, that I entrust this message. Tofigh is all right. He has the section's rifle. And responsibilities. Soon I will be able to send you an allowance. This morning at training I fell, my forehead against the ground. It bled. I have a bandage. But I am not hurt. It did not hurt me because it was the ground, and that's the important thing. Kiss our mother and take good care of our sisters. If I am a soldier, we will marry them off better. As soon as I can I will brag about your strength and you will join us. Here, at Pol-e-Zohab, everything is abandoned. A soldier gave me an Iraqi pilot's insignia. I am keeping it awhile longer. I will send it to you in the next mail. Above all do not sell it. I want to keep it all my life. So even if you are all hungry, you hide it, promise? Tomorrow we leave for Kasr-e-Cherine. The colonel said the city had been entirely destroyed by explosives, and the Iraqi had evacuated it. All we have to do is go in,

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we, the new boys' army. You have my love. I must sleep. I will need all my strength. Tomorrow. Your brother Tofigh. We will come back to Ghaemshahr."

Seven o'clock in the morning. On a height, above Kasr-e-Cherine. They made us get out of the trucks. They were armed. Their automatic rifles were loaded. "That's to protect you." Ten times the order was given to the sections all together to stand at attention. A great silence settled. They distributed shells to the leaders. So I had a loaded rifle. Then, a thousand, in sections of twenty, in three ranks, almost elbow to elbow, we formed a front of several hundred meters, they ordered us to advance. They yelled, "Attack, attack!" The destroyed city was three kilometers away, down below. We began to run. The first hundred meters we hurtled down, anxious, joyous, on the attack. We were going to reconquer one of our cities. We. Some of us were bounding. Others were giving war whoops. Then, there was an explosion, a mutilated body. We went on. And suddenly so many explosions, bodies lifted off the ground in brief, black clouds. We slowed down. I heard crying. Kids' crying. Me crying when I used to cry. The littlest ones. From up above the soldiers were still yelling, "Attack." There were ten, twenty explosions again and each time the body of one of us blew up, flew up. Blood was squirting. I got hit in the cheeks. We stopped. We'd got only halfway to the dead city. We looked at each other. I yelled at them to stop.

Then, like madmen, shouting holy words, the soldiers, our brothers and our fathers, tore down the slope shooting in our direction, toward the sky. "Go ahead!" Those of us who moved were blown up by mines. The cries. Then there was a cry louder than the explosion. A short cry. I turned toward the soldiers. There were five of us in the section. I felt them, clutching, all around me, hanging onto my belt. And I fired. With our rifle. Against our soldiers. No, we didn't want that. Not like that. My rifle's shells were blanks. Our soldiers were coming back toward us, not firing in the air anymore, but at us. Some tried to get away by crawling. There were no more than a few dozen of us. We regrouped. Guns in the first row. We tore off our grey neckerchiefs, raised our arms and threw the blank shells.

Then, treating us like rebels, the soldiers fired at us. Those children's cries, those cries of yours, Reza, when you pretended to die when we used to play firing squad, those cries. Real ones, then blood in our mouths, one on top of another, we were just a heap.

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The soldiers left. I was hit in the shoulder and thigh. I had blood from the others and my own on my arms, on my hands, on my lips. With sweat. Karim asked for his father. His belly was open. He took my hands, plunged them into his wound as if to calm the pain, and, with his mouth open in awe, he died.

We waited a long time for the noise of the trucks to go away and disappear. At nightfall there were no more than three of us, alive. I looked at the sky. There weren't any more stars. I don't believe anymore. We retraced our tracks. The hillside was strewn. I saw black birds. They were coming from the dead city. We got to Abou Zar early in the morning. They cut off my left leg and told me never to tell this story. They had to separate us, all three of us. I have a story to tell, papa. Where are you? So who do I tell it to? There were a thousand of us. We hadn't even opened the route. The soldiers came back a few days later with a new contingent. As many children for the other half. I buried my leg, myself. With my fingers. By scratching.

At night, when he put us to bed in order of our ages, my father used to kiss our feet. When was that? Before. Before what? And why? My story I tell to myself. It won't be of any use. They are hiding me. The soldiers mustn't find me. I have seen. A girl will never want me, like this. Children, already, throw stones at me. I don't even know where I buried my leg. It was near a tree. Tomorrow I'll be fifteen.

Translated from the French by Howard Girven

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BOOKS

EVERYDAY LIFE UNDER HITLER

MOTHERS IN THE FATHERLAND: WOMEN, THE FAMILY, AND NAZI POLITICS. By Claudia Koonz. St. Martin's Press. $25.00.
IN HITLER'S GERMANY: DAILY LIFE IN THE THIRD REICH. By Bernt Engelmann. Translated by Krishna Winston. Pantheon. $21.95.
A SCRAP OF TIME AND OTHER STORIES. By Ida Fink. Pantheon. $15.95.

Ever since Fernand Braudel published *La Mediterannée,* historians, when examining national and economic development, fascism and modernization, statecraft and the outcome of wars, have been divided about how much emphasis to put on the everyday experiences of ordinary people and their families. By the 1970s, studies in the genre of E. P. Thompson's *The Making of the English Working Class,* Le Roy Ladurie's *Montaillou,* and Robert Darnton's *The Great Cat Massacre* started to outnumber those focusing on geopolitical and theoretical issues. It was inevitable that the balance of recent German historiography as well would be tipping away from such large themes as Franz Neumann's *Behemoth*, William Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, and Hannah Arendt's *The Origins of Totalitarianism.*

Historians opposing the focus on microhistory maintain that it plays loose with questions of socialism and capitalism, political leadership and national traditions, and with the influence of church and religion. This may well be true. However, one could argue that the large themes of German history after World War I have been amply explored, and that books such as Claudia Koonz's *Mothers in the Fatherland,* Berndt Englemann's *In Hitler's Germany: Everyday Life in the Third Reich* and Ida Fink's *A Scrap of Time* fill in the gaps in a literature consisting of over fifty thousand books and monographs. Each of these books supplements what we know—in very different ways. Koonz's scholarly work pinpoints the place of women; Engelmann's memoir reports on a group of resisters, and Fink's fictional accounts evoke the terror of innocent victims who know they will be put to death.

Claudia Koonz brilliantly differentiates between German women within the Third Reich, between those who supported Hitler, and those who resisted, acquiesced, or became victims. We know that many women helped him to power, believing that he was

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the bearer of "truth, purity, and love" which alone could triumph over the postwar "anarchy of values." But why, asks Koonz in the chapter on Nazi women, "did some previously emancipated German women follow a leader who told them bluntly to leave politics to men?" Why, for instance, did they put up with the routine insults in *Der Stürmer,* which featured stories of Jewish men raping blonde women, and derided these women as stupid, lustful, and deceitful? Having been raised on the Bible, Koonz noted, women Nazis had learned to "screen out misogyny from the doctrine they respected," and although most of them started out as ardent nationalists rather than as anti-Semites, they too converted after anti-Semitism became the national religion—along with anticommunism and anticapitalism

Koonz has demonstrated most excellently how the Nazi women she interviewed, and those whose diaries she found, managed to fit so many opposing ideals into their ideology: they adored Hitler though he disenfranchised them; they espoused women's roles as procreators and homemakers while spending much time at rallies and in fundraising; and they oozed humanity for their *Volk* while helping to enforce racial laws against Jews and "racially unfit Aryans." Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, whose Women's Front governed some thirty million German women by 1941, told them what to wear, how many children to have, and how to talk to their husbands and sons. She also saw to it that social workers, teachers, and nurses turned over mentally retarded, schizophrenic, and alcoholic "Aryans" for sterilization. Mesmerized by their ideology, German women complied, denounced and delivered their victims, because they believed that a "sick *Volk* could be healed by excising the [Jewish] parasite or poison." This seems to be confirmed by the memoirs Koonz dug up, in which "women Nazis attest[ed] to their joy at feeling that even the most trivial work served a mighty cause."

In the beginning, women Nazis had been disoriented by the Depression and expected the state to defend their private sphere. They never thought it would invade their *Lebensraum.* Scholtz-Klink indoctrinated them in courses on race, National Socialism, and home economics, and she "facilitated the world's most ambitious fertility drive, even after the shift to a wartime economy conflicted with the commitment to 'strong' families and the revival of motherhood." Thus few German women realized that after 1939, "behind the acclaim for military triumph, the fabric of domestic life [would] begin to unravel." The unrepentant Scholtz-Klink herself still maintained

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in 1981 that "women belong in the public sphere only as wives and mothers . . . [within] a vast network of welfare, cultural, educational, and health-care institutions." And she claimed not to have known about what happened to the Jews who had disappeared. Other prominent Nazi women, such as Gertrud Bäumer, who had been the highest nonelected official in the Weimar government, adapted by altering their curricula vitae and advocating expanded career opportunities for women while avoiding criticism of Nazi policies.

In the last third of the book, Koonz writes of those women who resisted whose records she could not find, and who when interviewed often could supply only the pseudonyms of their comrades. Official resistance, even from Catholic and Protestant leaders, had fizzled early. Its later development was based on disillusionment with Hitler rather than on opposition to his goals—after it became clear that the war was being lost. Koonz concludes that Hitler's propaganda machine fooled both men and women. By adapting to the terror, of course, they allowed it to spread, while remaining unaware of its extent. Still, there also were hundreds of thousands of would-be resisters who met under the guises of various social gatherings and hiking expeditions to share their discontent, although they neither openly protested nor expected to overthrow the state. Those who did resist always lived under the threat of being denounced, and their survival and the continuation of their activities required that they remain fragmented and sequestered.

In the last section of her book Koonz writes about these courageous women, about the torture some of them had to suffer for minor infractions, and about some of the many instances in which resisters endangered their own lives. But information about them and about Jewish women, she explains, is fragmentary, because it is based only on the memories of survivors. For unlike the Nazis who kept extensive records of everything, their victims had to erase all evidence.

Engelmann, a former editor of *Der Spiegel* and a freelance writer, has documented such memories. He has recalled his own experiences during the Nazi years, and has supplemented them with those of repentant and unrepentant German housewives and businessmen, and with those of friends and family. Like Koonz, he presents the views of Hitler's loyal supporters, of opportunistic fellow travellers, of docile, dutiful, apolitical citizens who obeyed, of innocent victims, and of active and passive resisters. His focus, however,

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is on both men and women, and his book is more conversational in tone and devoid of the theoretical analyses Koonz injects. The result is a lively story which, as Studs Terkel aptly noted in the foreword, demonstrates "the evil of banality."

Engelmann had an anti-Nazi father who left for England and a more or less apolitical mother who believed in assisting the victims of inhuman policies. His maternal grandfather, a self-made, wealthy businessman, was a Social Democrat upon whose advice Engelmann joined the Socialist Red Falcons when he was ten, and his maternal grandmother was the daughter of Leopold Ullstein, the Jewish founder of the largest European publishing house. Apparently, she not only imparted her left-liberal politics to Engelmann but also encouraged him to read Erich Kästner, Mark Twain, Thomas Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger and Erich Maria Remarque. So, he recounts, in 1932, even at the age of eleven, he felt compelled to help a Jewish boy who had just been brutally beaten by some of Hitler's bullies. And when he noticed that these boys wore brass knuckles when provoking a fight and carried "a leather-covered object with a bouncing steel ball at the end," he was aware of the terror a Nazi victory would initiate. A few years later, after his father had gone abroad, he decided to enlist in the Luftwaffe to ward off suspicions. His uniform, of course, would provide a good cover for the resistance activities that ultimately would land him in Dachau.

As the tale of Engelmann's circle of dissenters unfolds, we get to know the aristocratic former officer, "Uncle Erich," who in order not to "let himself be treated like vermin by the scoundrels" changed his identity to Major von Elken and later became a working-class milkman. We meet Fräulein Bonse who helped Jewish victims to hide and to escape. They were the "merchandise" Herr Desch, the owner of a fancy tailorship making S.S. uniforms, had to "ship." We learn about Herr Sprüngli who assisted with false passports and passages to Switzerland; about Hedwig, the Englemann's former maid, whose husband, a lapsed Communist, had been tortured and killed. They and their contacts managed to move a few hundred victims to safety—by jeopardizing their own lives.

But we also hear about Marga, a former classmate, who now remembers only the dress she wore on her birthday, March 3, 1933, and the exciting marches and parades, and not the Reichstag fire two days later. And we realize what we must expect from Uncle Karl and Aunt Elsbeth, good-natured simpletons who truly believed in

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National Socialism—and benefitted from it. We are not even as appalled as we should be by their daughter Gudrun, whose "classified" clerical job with the S.S. led to her marriage with a high Nazi official. She lived in luxury, had four Polish servants before the collapse of the Reich, and later held on to her ill-gained wealth with the help of the young American soldiers she seduced.

Engelmann's Gudrun and Koonz's Scholtz-Klink not only escaped the punishment they deserved but continued to keep themselves ignorant of what happened to their victims—those who were aided by Fräulein Bonse, Hedwig, and Herr Desch. Both Engelmann and Koonz, of course, convey their revulsion at the Nazis' persecutions, in general and in particular, and describe how resisters and victims preserved their sanity by holding on to their integrity.

But Fink, in her fictional treatment, is the one who comes closest to recreating the terror, the horror, and the inhumanity of everday life under the Nazis. In her disturbing recollections of life in Poland during the Holocaust, Fink's readers inevitably identify with the ordinary people, who, living in dread of the next "action," try to escape and to confront their unimaginable deaths:

> Hidden in the dark interiors of apartments, with our faces pressed against windowpanes damp from rain and from our rapid breaths, we, reprieved until the next time, looked out at the condemned, who stood in the marketplace, in the same spot where on fair days the cheerful town erects its stalls. Divided into groups of four, they were waiting for the command to set out.

She depicts, for instance, a couple who tries to decide on how to save their five-year-old daughter—as the Gestapo is walking up their stairs:

> "Mela," he whispered, so the child wouldn't hear, "let's hide her. She's little, she'll fit into the coalbox. She's little, but she'll understand. We'll cover her with wood chips. . . . " [And as they are walking toward the railway station] "Don't be afraid," he whispered [again], "Do what Papa tells you. Over there, near the church, there are a lot of people, they are going to pray. They are standing on the sidewalk. . . . [and] you'll ask somebody to take you to Marysia, the milkmaid, outside of town. She'll take you in.

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After the little girl was shot,

> . . . he stood there with the child in his arms and waited for a second shot. But all he heard was a shout and he understood that they would not kill him here, that he had to keep on walking, carrying his dead child.

Whether we read about the sixteen-year-old girl who gave up her virginity (while forcing herself not to vomit) for the false papers she'd been promised, or about Anka who was forced to jump from the train (while being deported to Belzec), we become the victims with all their excruciating torments.

That is why Fink's collection of moving "scraps of time" is the most disturbing of these three books: they come closest to allowing us to understand what Hitler really wrought. Koonz's study is the most analytical and scholarly: she splendidly clarifies the various roles women played in the Third Reich. Engelmann's memoir, almost like a good detective story, is the most accessible. He made me, having lived through this history, wonder whether I was one of the children on Frau Bonse's train in February 1939 or whether I crossed his own path in May 1940.

These three books—with their portraits of German women, resisters, and victims—add to our comprehension of the period in very different ways. Taken together, they demonstrate that facile comparisons to other times and other situations are inappropriate. Forty-two years after the death of Hitler, his racist ideology continues to haunt not only surviving victims but the German nation as a whole. Clearly, we must come to terms with this past without holding the present generation responsible for what happened before they were born. Yet we cannot allow ourselves to forget the monstrosity of the Hitler regime or to ignore even the most elementary violations of human dignity regardless of any rationalizations or justifications.

EDITH KURZWEIL

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OF HOMICIDE AND HEADLINES

FADEAWAY. By Richard Rosen. Harper & Row. $15.95.

The most interesting contemporary thrillers seem to have a symbiotic relationship with headlines and other tabloid truths. An incidental detail in *Strike Three, You're Dead,* Richard Rosen's Edgar-winning first mystery, illustrates the point. Detective Sergeant Linderman of the Providence police agrees to meet Harvey Blissberg, Rosen's baseball-playing sleuth, at a bar on the Brown University campus. "Nice place," says Linderman. "We pinched a couple hookers there last month." You could have read that back in 1984, when *Strike Three, You're Dead* was published—two years before the Brown prostitution-ring scandal made front-page news.

The headlines anticipated in *Fadeaway,* Rosen's equally good second novel, are "Hoop Homicides Horrify Hub" and "Did Two NBA Careers Go Up In Coke?" If headlines are the haiku of journalism, these are splendid inventions. They take pleasure in their own artifice, as if to mimic and exaggerate the form, but at the same time they're hardly too good to be true. They come close to the headlines one actually did encounter a year ago—after the novel was written but before it was published—when college phenom Len Bias died of a cocaine overdose just days after the Boston Celtics had made him their first-round draft pick. Bias's death is likely to be fresh in your mind as you pick up *Fadeaway,* and this sense of the novel's anticipatory accuracy makes it easy enough to suspend your disbelief in the plot Rosen proffers.

The plot centers upon the murdered bodies of Tyrone Terrell (forward, Boston Celtics) and Gus Sturdivant (guard, Washington Bullets), which turn up in a luggage locker and a trash barrel, respectively, at Boston's Logan Airport. Terrell is found with "a suspicious white powdery substance adhering to his mucous membrane"; Sturdivant's well-known prescription for basketball success was "toot 'n' shoot." The police naturally assume that these are drug-related murders—which is precisely what the killer wants them to think. Blissberg, assisted by television sports reporter Mickey Slavin, his scene-stealing live-in girlfriend, thinks otherwise. He learns that the two players took part in a 1979 charity game in Providence on the same night a can't-miss high school prospect was run

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over by a city bus. Are the murders connected? You bet, but not necessarily by "a thin line of cocaine."

The solution of the case depends on our hero's intrepid insistence on finding out what really happened that night in 1979. That hired thugs stand in his way is an incentive rather than an obstacle, since it confirms that he's on the right track. And when the trail leads to "a college basketball coaching legend" with serious politial ambitions, we know he's hit pay dirt. The better the villain, the better the book, and we can tell we're dealing with a winner when we meet a Rhode Island politico who, between bites of "custid pie," extemporaneously delivers a rather sublime send-up of a "man of the people" speech: "I'm a people person. I'm a person person. I'm a good people people. I may dress like this, but I'm a man of the people." Dressing "like this," incidentally, means wearing "a double-breasted navy chalk-stripe suit and cap-toe cordovans" at a sleazebag diner, the effect as cheerfully incongruous as a fashion ad "in which the model is photographed next to 'real people' in a debased urban location."

The homicidal puzzle in *Fadeaway* is serviceable—it imposes a structure with a beginning, a middle and an end, allowing for a crisply-paced narrative rhythm. But the emphasis is clearly on characters and quips, not on whodunit or how or why. In this regard as in many others, *Fadeaway* is squarely within the American hard-boiled tradition, though its patina of wit appears to mock that very tradition, as does its central character. If you're looking for a cinematic counterpart to Harvey Blissberg, he'd fall somewhere between Bogart playing Marlowe and Woody Allen doing his Bogart imitation—a more cerebral, less goofy version of the Marlowe played by Elliott Gould in Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye.*

Blissberg is proof positive that the paradigmatic hero of the Hammett/Chandler tradition remains a compelling figure when you stick him in a yuppie context and strip him of his tough accoutrements, his hooch and his wound—provided, of course, that you can write as well as Rosen does. Blissberg used to play center field for the Boston Red Sox; he has just retired after a season of heroics, on the field and off, with the "Providence Jewels" expansion club. Rosen has given Blissberg, we remember from *Strike Three, You're Dead,* a mother out of Philip Roth ("It's not easy telling people my son is thirty years old and plays baseball") and an older brother who's an English professor and a baseball statistics freak; Blissberg solves the murder in *Strike Three, You're Dead* with the help of his

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brother's sabermetrical formulas. Nicknamed "Professor" in his playing days, Blissberg combines an insider's knowledge of professional sports with the sensibility of a hip graduate student and with the requisite amount of fortitude and nerve. Ever the projection of his author's irony, he is tough enough to "take a licking and keep on ticking"—and it's entirely characteristic that his experience of a beating should be rendered in the self-mocking accents of a Timex commercial.

Fadeaway continues Rosen's lover's quarrel with Providence, Rhode Island. It's a city, we're told, "where all the luxury apartment complexes overlook truck yards," a place that's "more like the implication of a city than a city itself." Nor does Cambridge, where Blissberg has set up his detective shop, escape the author's ironic surveillance; the sleuth knows "a Cambridge Saab" when he sees one, "judging from its earnest bumper stickers." The action requires Rosen's hero to go "one-on-one against a man who was either senile or else so alert he could impersonate the condition." To extend the metaphor, one need only say that Blissberg must endure his share of illegal fouls before he can drive for the basket, collect his own rebound and bank it in. Any way you look at it, that's a much better prescription for winning basketball than "toot 'n' shoot."

Postscript: I began this review by noting how recent American murder mysteries tend to anticipate newspaper realities. Today's *New York Times* reminds me that I'd better broaden the point. A front-page headline reads: "Judge Sent Poisoned Candy; Man He Sentenced Arrested." Read on and you learn that on Valentine's Day this year, a box of poisoned chocolates was sent to the home of Chief Judge Charles L. Brieant, Jr. of the Federal District in Manhattan; the Valentine's Day card it came with was signed with a question mark in lieu of a signature. Four of the "Golden Godiva" chocolates—which had been treated with deadly nightshade—were consumed not by the judge but by his wife, who collapsed and was rushed (in time, luckily) to the hospital. For further details, including the impeccable academic credentials of the chief suspect, you are urged to scroll down *The Times* back to February 21, 1987.

I bring this up because the affair eerily echoes the plot of Anthony Berkeley's *The Poisoned Chocolates Case* (1929), a classic British whodunit from the so-called Golden Age of detective stories, when their supreme value lay in the crafting of ingenious puzzles, no matter how implausible. I used to think such stories had a rather tenuous relation to actuality. Now I'm not so sure. In Berkeley's book,

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you see, a box of chocolates is sent to Sir Eustace Pennefather, who, not having a sweet tooth, gives them to his fellow club member Graham Bendix, who gives them to his wife, who eats them and dies.

From today's *Times* I gather that his year's candy caper culprit was careless enough to leave his fingerprint on the box of chocolates. Since the fingerprint matches up with that of the anthropology professor Judge Brieant sent to prison six years ago, the police seem to have an open-and-shut case on their hands. This is, of course, where the classic puzzler has it all over the stuff of the headlines. In Berkeley's *Poisoned Chocolates Case,* we get not one putative solution but six of them in turn, as each member of London's Crimes Circle Club takes a crack at the case. Each solution erases the last; the whole stands as a kind of epistemological parable, proving that different detective methods produce different results. But the ingenuity of the solutions gives a pleasure beyond this academic point. It is a good example of the perfect murder, not because it is insoluble, but because it has been so artistically conceived.

DAVID LEHMAN

YOUNG MAN LUKÁCS

GEORG LUKÁCS: SELECTED CORRESPONDENCE, 1902–1920. Selected, edited, translated, and annotated by Judith Marcus and Zoltán Tar. Columbia University Press. $25.00.

On the day the Bolsheviks seized power in Russia, Georg Lukács entrusted a large wooden suitcase to the Deutsche Bank of Heidelberg. After five years in Germany, he had decided to retreat to his native Hungary, where, at a safe distance from his unstable wife and her deranged lover, he would be able to work in peace. It was wartime, and he did not want to run the risk of losing the several manuscripts and almost sixteen hundred letters that he had amassed over the years. He could reclaim them when, at war's end, he resettled in the city on the Neckar and resumed his quest for an academic appointment. Fate, however, was soon to intervene. In December 1918, he joined the newly-organized Hungarian Communist Party, and when he did return to Germany in 1931, it was as

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an agent of the Comintern. By that time he had resolved not to resurrect his youthful correspondence, much of which would have been politically embarrassing. In later years he declared that it had been lost and that, in any event, his personal life obtained its sole meaning from its identification with the proletariat, and hence with History. It was for that reason, he said, that he had been reluctant to republish his pre-Marxist works.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the extraordinary lengths to which Lukács went to minimize the importance of his personal life, his most devoted disciples became increasingly curious, particularly as they began to turn away from Marxism. One of them, the poet, dramatist, and dissident István Eörsi, spoke recently of his "long-growing conviction that an unavoidable task for research on Lukács is to restore the contradictory unity of the personality and the *oeuvre.*" Eörsi's point was that knowledge of the conditions of Lukács's personal existence might serve a hermeneutic (not a reductive) purpose—that of bringing his brilliant, but often baffling, writings into sharper relief. After all, even Karl Jaspers and Ernst Troeltsch, men of no little discernment, confessed their inability to decipher *The Theory of the Novel.* And so did Max Weber, who complained to Lukács "that the first part is almost unintelligible to anyone but those who *know you* intimately."

No one familiar with the scholarly literature on that labyrinthian work is likely to disagree. More important, Weber's comment lends support to Albert William Levi's more general contention that we can deepen our understanding of a philosophical text by relating it not only to the age in which it was written, but to the life of its author. Levi's interpretive strategy, masterfully pursued in *Philosophy As Social Expression,* became more feasible in Lukác's case when, a year and a half after his death in 1971, a Deutsche Bank employee recognized the name "Dr. Georg von Lukács" on the old suitcase, the contents of which are now housed in the Lukács Archives in Budapest. After the capable László Sziklai took over as director of the Archives in 1978, he organized an ambitious publishing program, among the first fruits of which was the collection of three hundred-fifty letters that Éva Karádi and Éva Fekete issued first in Hungarian and then, with one hundred fewer examples, in German. Marcus and Tar limited this English-language edition to one hundred sixty-one letters, but because they too possess an intimate knowledge of Lukács and his work, they have chosen judiciously.

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Tar makes it clear in the introduction that they "aimed at highlighting Lukács's complex personality and extraordinary diversity." Thus, in addition to some instructive dialogues with Max Weber, George Simmel, Martin Buber, Karl Mannheim, and Paul Ernst, they have included personal exchanges with those who in one way or another exerted a lasting influence on Lukács's thinking: Leó Popper, confidant and art historian who died of tuberculosis before he could fulfill his considerable promise; Irma Seidler, the woman who brought him first love and, when she committed suicide, early sorrow; Ljena Grabenko, the Russian terrorist whom he married against his family's wishes; Gertrúd Bortstieber, the wife with whom he formed a "*Gemeinschaft* in life and thought, in work and struggle"; and Adél Wertheimer, the mother whom he still despised decades after she had died. Taken together, these letters recount a tale of loneliness, alienation, and the search for human community. They make it possible to discover new meaning in *The Soul and the Forms, The Theory of the Novel,* and *History and Class Consciousness.*

But Lukács's personal life is important not only for the light it casts on his work. It is intrinsically fascinating, not least because of his dramatic conversion to communism and unswerving loyalty to the Party even during the nightmare years of Stalin's rule. Like the Russian revolutionaries who held him in such thrall, he has always represented a challenge to novelists who seek to explore uncharted regions of the human psyche. András Nagy's *Dear Lukács: György Lukács and Irma Seidler* is only the most recent of the novels that attempt to uncover the secrets of Lukács's soul and thereby to plumb the depths of motivation and illuminate the inner history of an epoch. In Anna Lesznai's *In the Beginning Was the Garden,* he is the leader of an esoteric circle of spiritual pilgrims; in Ervin Sinkó's *Optimists,* he is a Pascalian wagerer, betting his soul on the Party; in József Lengyel's *Ferenc Prenn's Storm-Tossed Life*, he is an otherworldy intellectual remote from the working class, and in Emma Ritoók's *Adventurers of the Spirit*, he is a messianic Jew.

These Hungarian novels may be virtually unknown in the West, but the same cannot be said of Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain,* in which Lukács appears as Leo Naphta, the Jesuitical Jew who is an alarmingly cunning defender of political terror. Judith Marcus has already written an outstanding study of Mann's Lukács portrait, and she and Tar are well acquainted with the other novels I have mentioned. They therefore appreciate the difficulty of mapping out Lukács's journey to the Party. Yet while they reject any easy ex-

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planation for his final decision, they do direct particular attention to Lukács's failure to habilitate in Hungary and Germany, in large measure because of his Jewish origins.

Although he was born into a thoroughly assimilated family and baptized a Lutheran, Lukács failed in his effort to qualify for a teaching position at the University of Budapest. The official reason given to him by the dean of the faculty was that the required three years had not elapsed since he had taken his doctorate. Privately, however, Professor Bernát Alexander, himself an assimilated Jew, informed him that his Jewishness had been an issue. "The faculty," Alexander wrote, "is extremely nervous every time the question of religious affiliation comes up." Some members had "the impression that now [1912] the Jews are ready to take over the university."

In Germany the situation was even worse. Late in life, Lukács spoke warmly of Max Weber's tireless efforts to help Jewish scholars gain admittance to the privileged ranks of *Privatdozenten* and professors. As these letters prove, the legendary sociologist did his utmost for Lukács, with whom he shared many interests, including Russian literature. Yet in the end not even Weber could move mountains. Marcus and Tar have appended Lukács's formal application to the University of Heidelberg. On December 7, 1918, the dean wrote to him that the Faculty of Philosophy was not then "in the position to admit a foreigner, especially a Hungarian citizen, to *Habilitation*." By the time Lukács responded on December 16, he had cast his lot with the Party, which, as Tar points out, he had rejected only two weeks earlier in a provocative essay entitled "Bolshevism As a Moral Problem."

After that is said, however, it remains true that Lukács was not to the academic manner born. We know, for example, that he was bored by the "Aesthetics" that was to have served as his *Habilitationsschrift*. So much so, in fact, that he was quick to set it aside in order to write a book about Dostoevsky that, had he completed it, would have set forth his "metaphysical ethics" and "philosophy of history." Even without that admittedly brief interruption, however, one may wonder whether Lukács could ever have brought his philosophy of art to completion. The contradiction between the manuscript's scholarly prose and utopian spirit was ultimately irresolvable.

All along, Weber worried that Lukács would never be content with the life of an academic mandarin. That is why his friend's "sudden turn to Dostoevsky" irritated him so. "I *hated* that work and still

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hate it," he wrote. "If it is really unbearably painful and inhibiting for you to complete a systematic work and let everything else go in the meantime, then, with a heavy heart, I have to advise you to forget about the *Habilitation*." It was, I believe, Lukács he had in mind when, in his magisterial lecture on the scholar's vocation, Weber said that "nothing is worthy of man as man unless he can pursue it with passionate devotion." In the last analysis, Lukács was prepared to devote himself passionately only to a community of believers. The longing in his soul was not for knowledge but for redemption.

LEE CONGDON

ALLAN BLOOM

THE CLOSING OF THE AMERICAN MIND. By Allan Bloom. Simon and Schuster. $18.98.

Despite media publicity and publisher's claims, *The Closing of the American Mind* is not really about education. Students, and their lack of critical thinking, are peripheral to the point Bloom really wants to make, that modernity, with its emphasis on democracy, equality, and cultural expression, is incompatible with the kind of serious philosophical reflection that began with Plato and, unfortunately, began to dry up soon after his death.

The Greeks, Bloom argues, were philosophers only because they cultivated an aristocracy. Great thinkers, and great artists as well, are inevitably reactionary in outlook because genius is incompatible with mass society. The further we leave Athens behind, therefore, the worse our thinking becomes. Smith and Locke, for example, were our last great liberals; the history of liberal thought since them "has been one of almost unbroken decline in philosophical substance." (Hobbes does not rank with Smith and Locke because he was "the first propagandist for bohemia. . . . ") Philosophy wound up in the hands of Nietzsche and Heidegger, both irrationalists, and through them was transmitted to the American left, destroying the university, the last bastion of reason, in the process.

Although he is contemptuous of the thinkers associated with

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the Frankfurt School, Bloom shares, to a striking degree, the ambivalence toward the Enlightenment found in Max Horkheimer and T. W. Adorno. The philosophical premise of so many Enlightenment philosophers was that through reason, man could control nature. Reason, in turn, is a product of culture and civilization and is, compared with nature, artificial, man-made, profane. Do we then, with Rousseau, reject the artificial for the natural or instead accept our fate as social beings? Since the university is the home of reason, and is itself an institution and therefore artificial, a book arguing for the dignity of the educational mission would seem to have to cast its lot with Enlightenment.

Yet Bloom admires Rousseau who, along with Nietzsche, receives more praise than any other thinker since Locke in this book. He even questions culture and the capacity of people to control their fate through mind; "When one hears men and women proclaiming that they must preserve their *culture,*" Bloom writes, "one cannot help wondering whether this artificial notion can really take the place of God and country for which they once would have been willing to die." While admitting that "civil society is surely superior to a condition of scarcity and universal war," Bloom laments the fact that "nature is distant from us now." We are, he finally concludes, unable to make up our minds about nature; the Lockean attempt to control it leads to cost/benefit analysis, while the rejection of nature, as it is characterized by Rousseau, leads to psychoanalysis.

Bloom has a love-hate relationship with America. It gave refuge to Herbert Marcuse and Hannah Arendt, the good news, but then destroyed their minds, the bad. It built the University of Chicago, but then sent him his current generation of students. It gave people freedom, and they used it to have sex. Bloom praises America's founders, admitting them into his pantheon of worthwhile intellectuals. He is convinced that the Soviet Union really is a focus of evil compared to us. We have even inherited from Europe the idea of a great university, since the Europeans are no longer capable of producing one. Yet all could not be good in America, or else its mind would never have closed.

America being a bourgeois land, ambivalence toward this country is bound to lead to mixed emotions towards capitalism and its faith in the market. Bloom knows that "rational" self-interest is irrational in its choice of fundamental values. He is aware that the motive to make money lies behind the spread of rock music, the predominance of television, and other dubious products of the modern

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world. He is no friend of the MBA degree. Yet Bloom nowhere attributes to modern capitalism as important a causal role in the sorry state of higher education as I would, even though from time to time he is critical of the market. And he would never call himself anti-bourgeois. To be anti-bourgeois is to wind up in Nietzsche's camp, and "when one ventures out into the vast spaces opened up by Nietzsche, it is hard to set limits."

Perhaps the most peculiar aspect of *The Closing of the American Mind,* therefore, is its respect for Nietzsche. The title of the introduction, "Our Virtue," is taken directly from *Beyond Good and Evil.* Nietzsche's words on the "last man" from *Thus Spake Zarathustra* constitute Bloom's own *leitmotif* for this Germanic book. Nietzsche "opened up the great terrain explored by modern artists, psychologists, and anthropologists. . . . " The charm of his writings "is undeniable." He was a friend of artists, the very reactionary men of genius so uncomfortable with modernity. His ideas "constitute the profoundest statements about creativity, by a man who had a burning need to understand it."

Thus Bloom is both furious and jealous that his hero was stolen by the left. When the left had only Marx, Allan Bloom was much happier, for Marx, in his view, is anything but a profound thinker, even though Bloom cannot help relying on his skills as a phrase maker. Yet, his belief that the left took over Nietzsche's ideas seems to confirm his view that "what happened to the universities in Germany in the thirties is what happened and is happening everywhere."

The Closing of the American Mind, then, is a quirky book, along the lines of Henry or Brooks Adams. But there is a difference. The Adams family really was part of an aristocracy in decline. It would make sense for either of them to say that "Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are not what they used to be—the last resorts of aristocratic sentiment within the democracy." But for Bloom to utter those words is most peculiar. What, exactly, does he want—to restore anti-Semitism in the elite universities? It may be true that, in his words, "there is hardly a Harvard man or a Yale man anymore," but for most of us, that is a good thing, indicating that our prestigious institutions are more open to merit than connections.

I find little to quarrel with over Allan Bloom's characterization of today's university students. They are, as he rightly points out, moral relativists and generally ignorant of the culture of which they are a part. But like Charles Reich, whose *The Greening of America* is so much like *The Closing of the American Mind,* not only in the gerundial

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sound of its title, but also in its exaggerations and sermonizing, Bloom traces everything bad, just as Reich traced everything good, to what now seems to be a few exceptional moments in the 1960s. That period, as far as higher education was concerned, was, for Allan Bloom, "an unmitigated disaster."

"The sixties have now faded from the current student imagination," Bloom writes. But the sixties are still around us in *The Closing of the American Mind,* working their insidious way into every academic department. Charles Reich would love the idea; Consciousness III, the revolution he predicted was on the horizon, has finally come about. How ironic that the only place it took power was in the brain of a political philosopher longing for a return to the glory that was Athens.

ALAN WOLFE

ARTHUR COHEN (1928–1986)

ARTISTS & ENEMIES. THREE NOVELLAS. By Arthur A. Cohen.
David R. Godine, Publisher, Inc. $17.95.

Cohen's was a various, if relatively brief career. He was a theologian, a novelist, and an historian of art (as well as an editor at several major houses, a publisher in his own right, an anthologist of extraordinary energy, and a dealer in rare books). When he died of cancer at the age of fifty-eight in October, 1986, *Artists & Enemies,* his first collection of novellas and his seventeenth book, was already in production. Appearing on schedule in February of 1987, it became what its publisher called Cohen's "first posthumous book," as if this protean author had set his mark on yet another genre. Given Cohen's lifelong interest in eschatology, and the considerable attention paid in *Artists & Enemies* to the meaning of artistic fame, the description might have pleased him.

Born in New York City in 1928, Arthur A. Cohen received his B.A. in Philosophy and Comparative Religion from the University of Chicago at the age of eighteen (having begun college at sixteen), and was only twenty-three when he helped found the Noonday Press. His first book, *Martin Buber,* published when Cohen was twenty-nine, was described in *The Saturday Review* of the time as "a

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brilliant and penetrating study of Buber's pursuit of the holy." Other theological works followed: they include *The Natural and the Supernatural Jew; A People Apart: Hasidic Life in America* (Cohen's commentary accompanying Philip Garvin's photographs); *The Tremendum: A Theological Interpretation of the Holocaust;* and *The Myth of the Judeo-Christian Tradition,* a collection of essays more concerned—as its militant title indicates—with pondering how thoughtful Jews might find their way to a viable spirituality than with perpetuating any sense of continuity with Christianity. During the sixties and early seventies he also edited, and wrote introductions for, a great many books on related subjects; perhaps the weightiest of these was *Arguments and Doctrines: A Reader of Jewish Thinking in the Aftermath of the Holocaust.*

Cohen's concern with "Jewish spirit" rather than "Jewish religion" (a distinction he was at pains to make) informed all but one of his five novels. The first, *The Carpenter Years* (1967), described the protagonist's unsuccessful attempt to turn his back on New York "Jewish mediocrity" and begin a new life as a WASP in small town Pennsylvania. In 1973 Cohen published what many consider to be his finest novel (and a recipient of the Edwin Lewis Wallant Award), *In The Days of Simon Stern,* the story of a messianic Jew who establishes a haven for Holocaust victims on New York's Lower East Side. *A Hero in His Time* (1976) related the serio-comic adventures of a Soviet Jewish poet visiting the United States, and his final novel, *An Admirable Woman* (1983), was considered to be a fictionalized treatment of Hannah Arendt.

But the 1980 novel *Acts of Theft* represented a departure. It centered on the theft of pre-Colombian art by a European sculptor living in Mexico, and the pursuit of the miscreant by a police inspector who was himself a collector of art. The subjects here were the meaning and value of art itself, the artist as moral agent, and the exploration of his inner life. If these themes took Cohen's fiction in what seemed to be a new direction, one he continued to pursue in the novellas collected in *Artists & Enemies*, the necessary expertise was already evident in his 1975 biography, *Sonia Delaunay,* as well as in *The New Art of Color: The Writings of Robert & Sonia Delaunay* (1978), which he edited. In these books Cohen showed himself to be as adept at portraying the lives of actual artists, at capturing the flavor of an artistic movement, at conveying what a painting looked like, or reinventing Paris at the turn of the century, as he was at the practice of what some reference works call "Jewish theology," or at the invention of novels.

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Two of the three novellas in *Artists & Enemies, Hans Cassebeer and the Virgin's Rose* and *The Monumental Sculptor,* appeared originally in *TriQuarterly.* Cohen's artists are visual artists in the main, but men of letters also have enemies, among which must be counted the scarcity of places that offer exhibition space to such elegant, sinewy monsters as these.

We meet young Hans Cassebeer, in the first and shortest of the tales, in Berlin in August of 1919, in the museum where he works as a tour guide, about to stick a palette knife into the eye of a Virgin, but he collapses before he can deface the masterpiece. After R&R at Bad Gastein Hans becomes a restorer, since he does possess "that flexibility of spirit genuine to craftsmen who lack the temperament to be creative in their own right."

He receives a commission to restore what is possibly a Giorgione (lacking much information on the working habits of this fifteenth-century artist, scholars end up "crediting [Giorgione] with either too few or too many masterpieces"), and goes to work in the palatial quarters of Kastein, a Jewish art dealer. But Hans's "studio" is the dressing room of Kastein's stunning mistress, Lily Schwann. Complications ensue. Lily sends him roses, the restorer is distracted from his work, devirginized, falls in love with Lily, begins to bore her, assaults her in despair, at which point they are discovered—the non-Artist and the anti-Muse—by the long-suffering Kastein. Because of the "cliché device" of the rose Cassebeer has uncovered at the Virgin's feet, scholars ultimately declare the restored painting to be "unquestionably a rehash of other works, a veritable Renaissance pastiche."

Estienne Delahaye in *The Monumental Sculptor* is also distracted by a woman, in his case by his wife. While still a young man, he had begun to parlay an accidental meeting with Maillol into advancement of his own career as a sculptor, but was nonetheless obliged to teach art at a young ladies' finishing school far from Paris in order to eke out a living. Here he meets the young Spanish beauty he eventually marries. (We are now in the period before, during and after World War II, and Cohen's grasp of world and art history remains as sure as before.) As a boy Estienne believed in arcana, in numerology, and in the proposition that if he said just the right word at just the right time he "would be able to pull the dropcloth from his world." In time, however, this expectation fades, and he comes instead to trust in luck: luck accounted for his chance meeting with Maillol, for the modest but useful handouts from his apothecary

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father-in-law, for his commissions from banks, etc., to create "monumental sculptures," and for the interest displayed in his work by the Germans, although this last brings him under suspicion as a collaborator. Down the years he has neglected his wife for his ambition, and, as she eventually lets him know, she has sought solace elsewhere. When Maillol is injured in an automobile accident, Estienne is in Berlin consulting with the Germans about plans for an heroic monument, and does not return in time to see the master alive. "It struck him, at that moment, that something was wrong with his life."

At one hundred-fifty pages, the third piece, *Malenov's Revenge,* is longer than many contemporary novels (although not of Cohen's own), and more of a full meal than most. Filtered through the recollections of Isaiah Wolff, an art dealer with literary leanings, the relationship of Yevgeny Mikhailovich Malenov, the famous (invented) Russian abstractionist, and Joseph Alexander Karnovsky, the Jewish-American scion of an import-export family, is deftly presented.

Karnovsky, with artistic talent and aspirations of his own, but with a groupie's sensibility, initially pursues Malenov to Berlin, where the older artist has gone with other Russian emigrés to escape the Russian Revolution. He becomes Malenov's patron, not only pays his bills but keeps house for him, and surreptitiously collects his every doodle, to the old man's dismay. Dürer might have executed a series of woodcuts on the theme of such demented discipleship; one more, perhaps, on the indignities genius must sometimes bear to survive in the world.

Later, when both are in New York, Malenov exacts his revenge. By then Karnovsky has achieved some modest success as a sculptor, albeit by riding the coattails of Malenov's revolutionary shapes and visions. How Malenov takes vengeance, even from beyond the grave, is worth discovering for yourself. "The truth is that both artists were nearly pure, but they lived at the beginning of that vulgar time when art is no longer understood apart from celebrity and money," Cohen, near its end, explains away his complex tale. But if you believe that the tacked-on moral exhausts the significance of the story, you're likely to believe anything.

In this work, as also in *The Monumental Sculptor,* Cohen borrows a painterly technique, using impasto, layering his prose, piling scene upon scene, interpretation on interpretation, viewing his characters' lives now from a psychological perspective, now as influenced by events in the art world, now as buffeted by global happenings. ("Far

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from [Delahaye's] intention," the narrator of *The Monumental Sculptor* assures us, "was the impingement of literature upon the plastic arts," but nowhere does Cohen lay down, or heed, the opposite proscription.)

Cohen has written elsewhere that he saw no necessary conflicts between his roles as novelist and as theologian. Usually, there were none. It would seem from *Artists & Enemies,* however, that God took a leave of absence, from the art world at least, to be replaced by a Master of Narrative.

There are some vivid demises in these pages. Having wrestled with poverty, wealth, fame, obscurity, sloth, ambition, disciples and women, Cohen's artists face the ultimate enemy, and lose. Both Delahaye and Karnovsky graphically check out, as I calculate, at around fifty-eight years of age. There is no way of knowing for how long their work, or even the work of the master, Malenov (who also dies in living color), will survive them.

By now Cohen knows how the God business *really* works, and probably also knows whether his own enormous versatility has assured him of a readership a half-century down the road. I'm reminded of a cartoon in *The New Yorker* some years ago, of two dons at a bulletin board, noting the passing of a colleague: "Published and published, and perished all the same."

In the short term, this is a very good book.

IVAN GOLD

MINIATURE PARNASSUS

ROBERT GRAVES. 1895-1926. THE ASSAULT HEROIC.
By Richard Perceval Graves. Viking Penguin, Inc. $24.95.

The first volume of Richard Graves's biography of his uncle centers on Robert Graves's experience of the First World War. There are two kinds of modern literati, the type that was disillusioned by the First World War and the type disillusioned by the Second. Captain Robert Graves, Royal Welch Fusiliers, was left for dead on the Western front in 1916: his family received official notice that he had "died of wounds" and *The Times* had to retract its obituary. "Robert was deeply ashamed that the British should be us-

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ing so ungentlemanly a weapon" as poison gas—he developed a phobia of unusual smells, even "the strong scent of flowers"—and his realization that "men had been deliberately sacrificed" in diversionary assaults came as "a profound shock." A "New Poetry," Graves said, would emerge from the trenches.

Ezra Pound was not shocked that commercial powers would expand their empires by whatever means, and concluded that the war was "only a stopgap. Only a symptom of the real disease." Modernists of the Pound group took the Great War as confirmation, not news, of European decadence and wondered why any of the young had had illusions from which to be disillusioned. ("Perhaps the most significant thing about the War," T. S. Eliot wrote, "is its *insignificance.*") The New Poetry, in any case, had for Pound and friends begun some years before 1914, and their disillusion when it came was not a literary disillusion. Pound's recognition of his complicity in the Second World War was manifest by total silence; Eliot's last significant poem appeared in 1942, a quarter century before his death.

Modernists of this second type—those Frank Kermode calls paleomoderns: Pound, Eliot, Joyce, Mann, Valéry, Stravinsky, Corbusier, Picasso—are mostly missing from Richard Graves's index because absent from Robert Graves's saga. Robert "firmly turned his back on most 'modern' developments in poetry": an understatement. Modernism was for Graves the "foul tidal basin" of the culture. For him the New Poetry and the avant-garde were Georgian, and he felt deeply honored to be published in the Georgian Anthology, which Eliot termed "the scourge." Paleomoderns were foreigners, outsiders, and this biography—more a primary source than Seymour-Smith's life of Graves, less primary than a memoir would be—treats English literature as extended family. Graves ancestors cross paths, however briefly, with Wordsworth, Tennyson, with figures of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and Celtic Twilight; Swinburne kisses baby Graves; Hardy advises him against free verse. The catalogue of guests at Robert's wedding reads like the hit list in Pound's *Mauberley.* Richard Graves calls Boar's Hill, Oxford, the "miniature Parnassus"—the denizens, besides his uncle: Gilbert Murray, John Masefield, Robert Bridges, Edward Blunden—and the biographer's own taste ("the great Edmund Gosse," Vaughan Williams "that great composer") is unselfconsciously Little England.

The result is incongruity, and of a genre special to our time.

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Robert Graves, craving minority, "considered minor poetry . . . the real stuff," and "all Muse poetry . . . minor poetry." The minor, in Graves's view, is localist and short; major work is cosmopolitan and long. To prefer the former to the latter is not provincialism in the usual sense, not the celebration of one's own province. American localists, John Crowe Ransom for example, were among Graves's earliest admirers. The preference for the local and the minor is an expression of distaste for axiology, for classic measurements of excellence, for what Virginia Woolf identified as the "Headmaster's ornamental pot." Paleomoderns were obsessed with axiology; perfectionism was with them a virtual disease. Still, it is one thing to be content with minor status, a second to cultivate it and ignore the major, a third to celebrate minority (and on the epic scale).

This biography is the first installment in a multi-volume project that has for its subject the life and times of a willfully minor artist. The product: medium man, and medium book as well. Graves's *Graves* makes no demand upon the reader. It represents Robert's career in formulaic terms, the *Rezeptionsgeschichte*-as-*Bildungsroman*—the ascent, critic by critic, to recognition of the poet's genius. The biographer, moreover, makes no demand upon himself:

> Childhood: a time of powerful emotions and sharp sensations, when we confront the world most directly, absorbing its light and shade, its colours and darkness, reacting to its alternate warmth and coldness with joy so piercing and with sorrow so tragic that either emotion would break an adult's heart; a time whose fulfilled hopes and unsatisfied longings establish the emotional tenor of the rest of our lives. . . .

Avuncular Freudian operatic lyricism is the tonic chord of biography today. For review or rediscovery Graves's early life may not require more. "Hating one's schooldays," Richard Graves remarks, "was for many years almost a *sine qua non* of the artistic life," and his narrative proceeds from requisite grandparents and wills and high maternal expectations, to headmasters "with twinkling eyes," schoolboy persecutions and boxing matches, homosexual temptations and the substitution of poetry for Christianity.

Richard Graves finds it "surprising" that his uncle should have arrived by this route at an "alternative view of the Universe," but not even his surprise is surprising. It is a characteristic of romanticism (in its vaguest sense) that each generation should find its alternative

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view rebellious and refreshing, should not recognize its credo as modernity's established church. Robert Graves's rebellions, as this biography recounts them, consisted of marriage to a feminist, of apprenticeship to a Bengali guru, of the transfer at Oxford from classics to English literature, and—when a student journalist at Charterhouse—of the subversive advocacy of lawn tennis ("a less selfish game than cricket"). The tug Graves felt between temperament and class or family produced a "militarist in action" and "a pacifist in thought," in politics a Tory socialist, a late romanticist in verse. Graves's life could not have been so *de rigueur* as this biography portrays it, but opportunities for particularity when they appear are made to disappear. Robert von Ranke Graves, descendant of German noblemen, goes to war against the Kaiser; the fact is noted, but almost equal space devoted to the pedigree ("Her Majesty the Queen" had used them) of Russell & Sons, Hill Road, Wimbledon, the family's portrait photographers.

Yet Graves's warmth defeats the formulae—it makes his nephew moving. To judge this book as history, or even as biography, is a simple formal error. Its value is as a record of affections in a century that all but crushed them from its great ones' lives. Robert's friendships overwhelm the work, the War, his marriage, and Richard's account of them, his choice of family letters, the charm that rises naturally when he is called to write of love, engage the heart if not the mind. There is, Yeats held, "perfection of the life or of the work." That is certainly the case of this life and of this biography, but why must warmth and genius be divided in this century? Demands for excellence, for discipline and complexity, are routinely felt, by those who make them and by those who shudder, as hard or cold or worse. Expressions of affection—even sentences about them—provoke first irony and then defensiveness. The combination in our day is rare; the distinction constitutes the great divide between modernism and postmodernism; a solution could be the most difficult of all things not impossible.

Precedents exist: James Joyce, after all, brilliant, kinky, and humane, and Richard Ellmann, the biographer worthy of him.

JEFFREY M. PERL

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ROBERT BLY

SELECTED POEMS. By Robert Bly. Harper and Row. $8.95.

My first thought on opening Robert Bly's *Selected Poems* was how much this volume could not contain. Like Ezra Pound half a century earlier, Bly has centered himself in poetry and proceeded to radiate his energies out to nearly all corners of the world of letters. He has been influential as an editor, translator, theorist, and publicist for his gifted contemporaries. Where Pound schooled us in Greek, Latin, and Chinese classics, Bly has tutored us in Spanish (Machado, Neruda, Vallejo), Swedish (Ekelof, Transtromer), Norwegian (Hamsun), German (Rilke, Trakl), and even Hindu (Kabir). His public persona has been that of a guru, a bard of the people's court, a hyper-vitaminized skald, a WASP shaman (some would insist on abbreviating that word), a kind of straight Allen Ginsberg. Bly also resembles Pound in his talent for vexing the soberer doctors of letters, who tend to tsk and hiss, *de haut en bas,* at the work of mere masters of spirit.

The *Selected,* like all Bly productions, is an idiosyncratic affair. It is divided into ten parts. Nine of these contain excerpts (often much revised) from both published and unpublished material. A final chapter, "Afterthoughts," offers two brief essays on prosody. Bly introduces the poetry sections with semi-autobiographical prefaces that are variously illuminating and irritating. He is capable of awesome banality: "All poems are journeys. They go from somewhere to somewhere else." His need to personalize the rhetoric of poetic convention produces some quaint locutions: he describes the "English melodic line" as "the lute of three loudnesses." But he also surfaces in these pages as a dues-paying guildsman tirelessly testing rhythm and pitch, carefully building the craft that will carry his voice. Like most of the poets born in the twenties, he began by writing in conventional meters. But "something in it did not fit" him; he continued to cast about until he discovered the loose and placid (though not flaccid) line that is his signature. The swivel and pivot of syllables and consonants in Bly's verse are quiet and regular as the plains and fields of his native Midwest.

Until recently, Bly's poetry has been Janus-faced, revealing alternately a public and a private aspect. Bly is aware of this dualism. He calls the work focusing on the inner life "poems of affinity,"

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while those touching on social and political experience he labels "poems of judgement." In solitude, away from society, Bly suggests, we commune freely with nature and spirit and all that makes us feel large and whole. In community, however, we compromise and are compromised, we are driven by greed, motivated by fear, and live at the mercy of the *tamas gunas*. This book charts the poet's movement toward integrity and wholeness.

The earliest poems here reflect the poet's apprentice status. Tender sentiments are tritely expressed in a diction straightlaced with Wordsworthisms: "For me this season is most sweet," vows the young swain of autumn. The following line, however, redeems that confession by its engaging rhythm and evocative image: "And winter will be stamping of the feet." Had Bly developed along the lines he traced out for himself, he would have become a conventional taxidermist of nature: "The honey gatherers, coming and going, drive/Their endless circles to the hive." A notable exception is the longer "Schoolcraft's Diary Written on the Missouri: 1830" which, though a little fuzzy in details, convincingly fuses narrative, symbolism, and period diction to convey something of the awe and mystery that must have enveloped the forays of the American pioneers. Toward the poem's end, the speaker, having just seen a wounded white bear, declares: "I felt as I had once when through a door,/At ten or twelve, I'd seen my mother bathing." His memory of the accidental trespass of a human taboo illuminates the more public and deliberate violation of the American wilderness.

In later books Bly sought a language with which to limn the struggles of the inner man—or, rather, the interior city:

> Inside the veins there are navies setting forth,
> Tiny explosions at the water lines,
> And seagulls weaving in the wind of the salty blood.
>
> "Waking from Sleep"

The mood of the poems is generally ecstatic: "Oh, on an early morning I think I shall live forever." Bly's sense of the numinous probably owes something to his study of the Christian mystics Boehme and Eckhart, both of whom saw the divine as immanent rather than transcendent. Drawn mainly from *The Silence in the Snowy Fields,* and influenced by Waley's Chinese translations and his own versions of Machado, the best of these poems are lapidary and comprehensive:

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V. *Listening to Bach*
Inside this music there is someone
Who is not well described by the names
Of Jesus, or Jehovah, or the Lord of Hosts!
"Six Winter Privacy Poems"

The counterparts to these terse panegyrics are the public poems, many from the Vietnam era. To evoke the psychic dislocations of a nation divided, Bly deployed a brand of neosurrealism which came to be known as deep imagism. Simplifying grossly, the technique has the poet juxtapose radically disparate images aimed at detonating an emotional explosion in the reader. Here poems that fail lack inevitability. Their images seem arbitrary and cartoonish:

Filaments of death grow out.
The sheriff cuts off his black legs
And nails them to a tree.
"War and Silence"

But the blunt rhetorical strategies can also be unnervingly effective:

Tonight they burn the rice supplies; tomorrow
They lecture on Thoreau; tonight they move around the trees;
Tonight they throw firebombs; tomorrow
They read the Declaration of Independence; tomorrow
they are in church.
"Johnson's Cabinet Watched by Ants"

The war also inspired what may be Bly's finest single poem, "The Teeth Mother Naked At Last." Structurally reliant on Whitmanesque anaphora, the poem, part catalogue, part document, keens the loss of America's political innocence. A combination of *Mauberley,* a condensed *Cantos,* and *Howl,* it could be read as the bloody right parenthesis to "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed":

I know that books are tired of us.
I *know* they are chaining the Bible to chairs.
Books don't want to remain in the same room with us anymore.
New Testaments are escaping . . . dressed as women
they slip out after dark.

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Pasternak once remarked that a book is nothing more than a "cubic piece of burning, smoking conscience." The pyre Bly lit with his war poems continues to smoulder and disturb our night.

Bly's prose poems deserve an essay of their own. While his meditations on the prosody of prose are provocative, the things themselves embody and magnify some of the weaknesses of Bly's less successful verse. They can be obvious, *faux-näif,* packed with posturings and banal observations. Memorable exceptions include "The Hockey Poem" with its Ovidian metamorphoses, and "The Dead Seal" which, as a meditation on death and physical decay, is every bit as good as Richard Eberhardt's much anthologized "The Groundhog."

A "selected poems" may become either a tombstone or a capstone to a career. In Bly's case, however, it appears to be a stepping stone. The poems included here from his last two books, *The Man in the Black Coat Turns* and *Loving a Woman in Two Worlds* are his finest yet. Previously Bly's community seemed comprised of trees, turtles, horses, and the poet's own soul. Now that humans have entered as subjects of the poems, the tensions between public and private, outward and inward, have diminished. Bly writes about trying to come to terms with his father and about learning his own limitations as a father and a lover:

> I know there is someone
> who tries to teach us.
> He has four ways
> to do that. . .
> . . . I usually ignore
> the earlier three,
> and learn by falling.
> "Four Ways of Knowledge"

He speaks, with startling luminosity, about loving a woman simultaneously muse and mortal:

> And we did what we did, made love attentively, then
> dove into the river, and our bodies joined as calmly
> as the swimmer's shoulders glisten at dawn.
> "The Good Silence"

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And his meditations on the sources of our otherness are worth attending to:

> We are bees then; our honey is language.
> Now the honey lies stored in caves
> beneath us, and the sound of words
> carries what we do not.
>
> "Words Rising"

The ebb and flow of the spirit now surges in every line. The separate profiles of Janus have merged and he looks out at us at last full face.

ASKOLD MELNYCZUK

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LETTERS

To the Editor:

Mr. Shechner has done a hatchet job in his review of *Portrait of Delmore: Journals and Notes of Delmore Schwartz, 1939-1959* (*PR* 3, 1987). But Delmore's ghost is very much alive, and it is ironic that the attempted murder should take place in *Partisan Review* where Delmore was an editor for many years. Mr. Shechner is angry at the "aggressive turn" (by which he means the publication of unpublished work) "the movement to resurrect Schwartz has taken." The early *Journals* are no better than a teenager's, he accuses. When teenagers begin remarking that Tarzan books are "one of the products of Darwinian theory"—I will agree with him.

The general impression left by Mr. Shechner's review is that the *Journals* are junk (to quote a nonliterary friend). They are not junk. There are things on every page to excite and delight, observations, perceptions, miraculously felicitous phrases, witty and ironic remarks. It is impossible to read the book without laughter, plain or intellectual.

The review is a personal attack on Delmore as well as on his credibility as a man of letters. Mr. Shechner is furious that Delmore has been "brought back to life as a symbol of Jewish intellectual life" (and speaks snidely of a "cottage industry"). He cannot dismiss him as a Jew, but he can try to destroy his intellectual stature—which he attempts to do without discussing at all the body of Delmore's published work. In his list of books and authors participating in the "resurrection," he omits republications (often with some additions) of essays, stories, poems. The University of Chicago Press (essays) cannot, I suppose, be considered as participating in a "cottage industry." He makes a mean-spirited attack on the poet Robert Phillips, who took on the sometimes onerous and certainly unremunerative task (as Dwight Macdonald complained) of literary executor. Delmore's reputation is quite healthy. The paperback edition, now in its eighth printing, of *Selected Poems* (New Directions) continues to excite and engage the young. (Witness the title of Richard Grayson's novel, *I Brake for Delmore Schwartz*—which became a bumper sticker.) The book's newest audience is in Japan where a translation is currently selling in the thousands.

Mr. Shechner writes, "The terrible truth was that behind the poetry was a void that Schwartz sought desperately to fill with words. . . . " Poetry does not come out of a void, nor great poetry or even good poetry out of an intellectual vacuum.

Mr. Shechner found the *Journals* painful to read. He reacted with anger, taking a myopic view and assailing them as a "twenty-year pathogram." Suffering is never simple. It also, as Auden reminds us, has its "human position" and occurs while most others are looking elsewhere. Icarus fell; the ploughman ploughed; the ship " . . . that must have seen/ Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,/ Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on."

The *Journals* are full of suffering, but not only suffering: they are

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filled with the contradictions of the human condition. They have a terrible beauty: they are a portrait of a flawed but extraordinarily gifted man, dedicated to the art of poetry, struggling to survive.

The disintegration of such a person and mind was more than appalling, it was tragic. Mr. Shechner would like to take the sense of this away from those who knew him.

Elizabeth Pollet
New York, New York

To the Editor:

If Mark Shechner thinks too many of Delmore Schwartz's manuscripts are being published posthumously, he is entitled to his opinion. But in his review of Elizabeth Pollet's edition of Schwartz's journals and notes, *Portrait of Delmore* (*PR* 3, 1987), he misreads a statement in my foreword to Schwartz's *The Ego Is Always at the Wheel,* and creates an utterly false impression of my intentions as Schwartz's literary executor.

In that foreword I corrected Elizabeth Hardwick's comment, in her perceptive review of *Letters of Delmore Schwartz* on page one of *The New York Times Book Review,* in which she concluded that, with the *Letters,* "it seems that now we have the whole of the writings." I stated that this was not so, that there was "a considerable amount of writing to be evaluated for publication." I went on to say those unpublished manuscripts included novels, stories, plays, an Eliot study, and the manuscript of Book Two of the autobiographical poem, *Genesis,* which I called "interminable." This adjective alone, and the words "to be evaluated," should have made it clear that much, if not most, of the unpublished material will remain unpublished.

Yet Mr. Shechner calls my foreword a caution that forthcoming publications are likely to include "verse plays, unpublished novels, stories, a book-length critical study of T. S. Eliot, and the autobiographical poem that Schwartz wrestled with for years. . . . " I suggest that the "tide of Schwartziana" that seems to have overwhelmed Mr. Shechner is partially the result of his inability to read.

Robert Phillips
Katonah, New York

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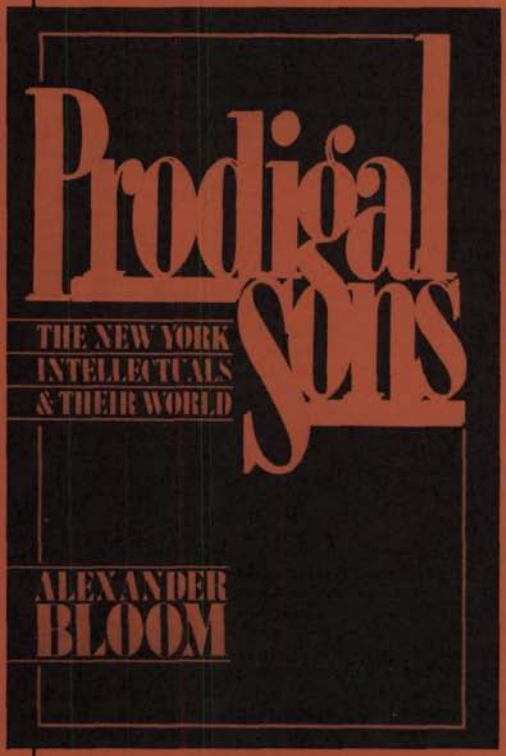

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